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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

NAPPING.

It is Sunday, the hour after dinner. The nap is going round, carrying its blessing or its pang to each member of the little group assembled by the parlor fireside. What various visions float before the minds of this company, recalling the joys and sorrows of the past, or combining happy scenes of future bliss. If they were all painted upon the walls of the room, what a field it would be for the pencil of the artist.

That elderly gentleman has dropped his book, and, leaning his head back on the rocking chair, is preparing to keep awake under a dull preacher this afternoon. He is a father. Perplexity even now sat upon his brow, but the wrinkles of age seem to be smoothed away by the vision, and it assumes its youthful serenity. On an elevated staging stand two fair youths who are stretching every nerve to bear away the honors of the day. He sees *them* alone in that animated crowd. Surely success crowns their efforts, for as they speak, the father's triumphant countenance shows his exultation—and now he is again conscious that others stand there with him, for the plaudits of the multitude rend the vault above them.

But the ringing of the first bell has apparently changed the picture. He sees a bier carried slowly along through the crowded streets of a great city, followed by a servant supporting a pale young man in black, who walks with difficulty. The group enters the cemetery—they deposit their burden in the stranger's corner, and when the last sod is replaced over it, the young man turns away with a convulsive shudder. Before he leaves the place however he turns to take a last look. He casts his eyes from the grave upward to the soft summer sky, and then down again to the freshly turned mound of earth that contains the earthly remains of his brother. As he walks away he glances at his own figure, and his countenance assumes an expression of serenity. These are the two youthful competitors for fame who left their father's house together to seek their fortunes in a strange land. The pestilence has snatched one from life, and the other has risen from the borders of the grave, to pursue his career solitary and in exile.

Again a brand falls upon the hearth and the scene changes. In a distant region among northern snows he sees a lovely and delicate woman sitting by a fire in a rudely constructed dwelling. One child is sleeping on her lap, another in a basket. Her eye wanders from one to the other. She puts her ear to the mouth of the infant as if to assure herself that it still breathes, and then appears to listen for a footstep from without. Through a window of a single pane gleams a star occasionally obscured by a passing cloud, as if a storm were gathering. A coarse wooden bed standing in one corner of the room—a gun and other hunting implements in another. Several articles of dress hang upon wooden pegs. Two chests and two tables, one covered with books, the other with a few articles of crockery, and a single chair in which the mother is seated, complete the furniture.

The door opens. The sleeper starts and looking round him picks up his book—but he does not open it, and in a few minutes his eyes again close. He bends over a gentle but wasted form, his hand clasped in hers—sorrow has cut off her days, for a mother's heart bleeds for the absent.

But I will pass on to that blooming girl. What does she see in the world of dreams? Her fair cheek rests upon the table—a smile plays around her pretty mouth. A brilliantly lighted room filled with the sons and daughters of dance is before her. She is herself the admired of all eyes. The magic of music, of flowers, of gaiety, makes her spirit dance within her. Her own happiness sheds effulgence on all that surrounds her.

Could it be the crackling of the fire which has changed the spirit of her dream? Her lips part as if in terror. A sudden shadow obscures the scene. Flames burst into the hall—black smoke darkens it and stifles the dancers. They throw up the windows or crowd to the doors. All is inextricable confusion. Many are thrown down and trampled on. The terrified females impede the efforts of the gentlemen to extricate them from the flames. The beautiful napper utters a faint scream, and turns the other cheek over upon the table.

What are the visions of that pale and drooping form, so unlike the rosy health of her sister. Her eyes are shaded by one hand—the pen has dropped from the other and blotted the paper on which she was writing. A hectic flushes one of those pale cheeks from which the roses of health and happiness have fled.

She walks again in a beautiful scene of nature where the evening sun casts the long shadows of noble trees across a meadow through which a rapid river winds its way. They are familiar objects, but she heeds them not now; though in after times, she will see them whenever that hour comes back upon memory. What a beautiful frame-work for that happy picture of youthful fidelity. A noble youth walks by her side, her arm closely drawn within his. Her eyes are fixed upon the river that is flowing rapidly by, type of the tumultuous thoughts that rush through her bosom, as the youth speaks in low tones almost drowned by the noise of waters, but distinctly audible to that listening ear and heart. She suddenly turns to him suffused eyes and a glowing face. Under that graceful elm that spreads its roots far into the stream, he seals the vows he has uttered, upon her trembling lips. Happy kiss of confiding affection! how it thrills from soul to soul, expressing better than language can the mingling of two hearts into one. A new life is diffused by it into every region of being—existence is doubled—lightly they tread the earth, though this is the hour of parting too—but hope will gild the days of absence. Sorrow is yet untried. They have heard of it—they think they experience it even in the anticipation of the coming separation.

Now she is wandering in a foreign land, but she is again unconscious of the scene that is before her. The very trees differ in their beauty from those that grew in her native clime, as one star differs from another star in glory. She loves not the stately palm, the luxuriant vegetation is not beautiful in her eyes, for they do not resemble those her heart has associated with happy days. Her step is no longer light when others find it joy enough to live—so balmy and perfumed the air, so soft the skies. She hears voices, she sees forms in the distance. She shrinks aside as they pass when a familiar voice strikes her ear—a voice which calls back the rose to her cheek, which thrills every fibre of her frame, which causes the earth and sky to reel before her eyes—but seizing a branch of the tufted bush that screens her she turns to look upon the group that is happy. It is he—the centre of a gay and admiring troop whom he chains to his side by the eloquence of his discourse, by the grace of his bearing. She does not hear what he says—but his eye glistens with emotion as he speaks.

And he was happy while she was wretched! In that land of enchantment he has forgotten her whose existence was bound up in him alone! Perhaps that maiden who walked by him, and whose eye glistened also as she listened, was now as dear to him as she had once been.

Did she hear her own name? and from his lips?—but he sees her not—he has passed on.

And now she is in the streets of a large city that has been vividly described to her. Strange forms in odd costumes throng its sidewalks. Turkish bazaars display their eastern goods under the sultry sun of a southern sky. The door of a small tenement stands open—on a bed declines a wasted form. It seizes a cup of water by the bed-side and as it rises to drink the draught she recognises familiar features. It is he—the beloved one, the long absent—the lost—how could she ever have deemed him forgetful?

Now a ship tosses wildly on a tumultuous sea—it is a wreck, for its masts are gone; to its battered sides still cling a few sea beaten mariners, one of whom yet appears to command; by his bearing he seems born to rule others—a wild wave sweeps over the dismasted deck—she sees nothing but clouds and foaming billows.

With a convulsive start the once pale but now flushed sleeper wakes—and turning her head towards the window, she looks down the slope of the hill to the river's brink, where the elms still stand, and still throw their shadows over meadow and river, as if regardless of her sorrows. A tear falls unperceived upon the paper before her, as if to blot out even the words of gentle reproach she had written for his long neglect—at least such appears to be the case, for she hurriedly throws it into the fire, and prepares to begin again. But why write—for where is he now? Surely not happy in the circles of fashion and beauty; but incapable of forgetting that plighted vow, pestilence or the raging sea must have made him their victim.

But our business is with the dreams of the sleeping, not the thoughts of the waking.

What scenes of youth flit before the mind of that aged grandmother who has laid her spectacles in her bible and caught the infection of the passing nap? When her eyes are open they scarce seem to take cognizance of outward objects—they can read no printed words but the familiar ones of the favorite book in mammoth type. But now the world is quite shut out, and her mental vision is as clear as in the days of her prime.

Now she plays before her mother's door with other children that resemble herself—now she mingles in gay scenes with youth of both sexes—now the mother of this fireside walks with her leading another generation, in whom she renews her own youth. By the fitful changes of this dream—time steps backward and she roams with her husband in foreign lands. She stands by the bed of death—and as she gazes upon it, what passes there? One by one, she sees the faces of loved ones cast upon her the last glance of affection, and feels the pressure of dying hands. Now it is the face of her husband, which faintly smiles adieu—now a rosy-cheeked little cherub, murmurs 'Mother!' and closes his blue eyes in the sleep of death—now a youth of fair promise, the pride of her heart, points speechless to his pillow—she turns it in the vain hope to give ease to the throbbing head—but when it falls back upon it again the soul has fled. Now the youthful mother casts her last lingering glances of affection upon her weeping children, and turning speechless to her, points to them as if to say, 'be a mother to them as you have been to me.' Faithfully has she discharged that trust, and shall sleep honored and undisturbed, in that comfortable chair till Heaven calls us to mourn her mother and ours.

The busy voices of children again ring in her ear—but their clamors do not disturb her dream.

We must not forget the maiden aunt, who reclines upon the sofa. She slumbers more at ease than the rest, and her visions are apparently changeful. The madonna brow, the long lashes that fringe those affectionate eyes, the graceful throat that time has not yet bereft of its beauty, speak the probability that she has not passed into the declining vale of years without some effort having been made to rob the sisterhood of thir boast and pride. The picture now before her entranced vision, is one that her waking hours have often summoned from the regions of hope—destined never to be realized on earth. It is a scene of domestic joys—a beloved form sits in the midst of a happy group of children, all of whom bear some resemblance to himself. One has his lofty brow, another his living smile. He listens to their sweet prattle, and has a story for each. The maiden aunt stands by—not a maiden aunt, but a happy wife and mother.

What has broken her dream? She opens her eyes—they rest upon the pale girl who still looks down into the valley, but whose eyes are too dim with tears, to see it. Long and mournfully she gazes upon her, till the youthful sufferer, attracted by the spell of a human eye, suddenly turns her head and meets that expressive glance.

The bell strikes. All start from their attributes of repose, and disperse to prepare for church. All save the old lady whose dreams are undisturbed by external noises.

And now they assemble again. The blooming girl whose saddest dream was of a disappointed dance, is arrayed in the gay costume of thoughtless youth, and goes forth with the hope of meeting companions as happy and gay as herself. Her paler sister with abstracted air and unsullied dress, seeks the place of devotion, that she may gain strength and assistance from the words of the eloquent teacher of holy things—or because there she can weep unnoticed. The maiden aunt with thoughtful delicacy that understands the wound she has received, avoids her side and takes by the hand the innocent happy Fanny, the graceful, loving, blue eyed Fanny, our pet and pride, my playmate, loved companion of my walks, image of my sainted mother. Thou hast never felt thyself an orphan, for that kind aunt has been all a mother to thee that any but a mother can be, and thou art the centre round which all our hearts gather. May it ever be so—but will it be? May not relentless death take from thee all these doating friends and then who will cherish my Fanny? We must give her the inestimable jewel whose lustre no adversity can dim, but which itself illuminates the darkness that may surround it—and then commit her to the keeping of Him, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground. And we shall gather again the little band now broken, in the regions where all wounds will be healed, and all faith renewed.

THE BETTER WAY.—The sons of the poor die rich—while the sons of the rich die poor; What an encouragement to toil through life in acquiring wealth to ruin our children! Better to go with our money as we along—educate our sons—secure their virtue by habits of industry and study, and let them take care of themselves.

[From the Sabbath School Visiter.]

VALUE OF THE TEACHER'S MEETING.

In the city of A——, there is an interesting Sabbath school, containing about one hundred and fifty scholars. When I visited it a few months since, the appearance of the different classes spoke much in favor of the teachers. I learned, however, an interesting fact from the superintendent, which well illustrates the value of the teacher's meeting.

One Sabbath morning, a little girl came to him and said, '*Mr———, can't I go into another class? Wont you let me have another teacher? Miss ——— don't explain the lesson to me and ask questions.*' The superintendent was surprised to hear this scholar give this account of her teacher. He had supposed her to be, not only a devoted, pious Christian, but also a good instructer. It, however, soon occurred to him that this teacher had not, for some time, attended the weekly teacher's meeting. He spoke to her about the meeting, and she began again to attend. Her scholars made no more applications to the superintendent for permission to go into another class. The questions and varied illustrations of their teacher now so interested them, that they loved to sit under her instruction.

May not some of this change, both in the conduct of the teacher and the interest of the scholars, be ascribed to the *teacher's meeting?*

THE VALE OF CHAMOUNIX.

By JOHN EDMUND READE, Esq., Author of 'Cain the Wanderer,' and 'Italy.'

The ascent of Montanvert became severe and difficult; the path, or rather the sheep-track, lay through whole groves of pines: some withered, some struck down in their strength, and writhing, as it were, under the fragments of rock which crushed them. Some barren and blasted by lightnings, stretching out their arms, stood up, the pale anatomies of what they had been; and some lay, root and bark on the ground, turned to a pale flinty color, like the grey fragments of crags that lay scattered round them—a solemn and most impressive scene! The storm, or avalanche, like the Angel of Death, had swept through them—the stronger lived, the weaker fell—such is human life!

At times I emerged from the pines, and I had glimpses of the village of Chamounix, lessening to a pack of cards carelessly scattered on a table; the vale narrowing, and the mountains, gathering closer and darker round it. But I looked no more—for I reserved myself for the greater impressions from the summit.

I passed one enormous rock, the size of a house, that had fallen from the head of Montanvert, and which, resting midway, hung there pausing. I looked upwards along the bare channel it had left, where once were groves of pines all crushed down: and then I measured the immense sweep of distance which lay between it and Chamounix. So little seems to stay it, that one feels, on some night of storm, it is to go—and *then!*—My guide seemed to guess my thoughts—his remark was characteristic,—'A piece of artillery pointed right for Chamounix,' said he, 'which Nature will discharge at her own time.'

Of all our senses how that of the sight the most deceives us! In manhood, as in the first dawn of childhood, we only judge of distance by experience. In the latter state, we think we can grasp the golden ball on the church spire; and in manhood we run over mountains, and triumph over them in thought, without the faintest idea of their real magnitude. I found myself half way to Montanvert, when I was nearly exhausted—and when, finally, I reached the height, carefully restrained my eyes until I recovered from my fatigue; for all our faculties succumb and are destroyed on the slightest sense of exhaustion. For myself, all the finer feelings of my nature are gone; I am restless, and sink into a depression of spirits which those only can know, who have experienced them.

I rallied almost immediately: for I stood on the Montanvert of which I had so often read;—that beautiful oasis in the desert! that mountain valley of greenest morses, and of loveliest flowers, thrown playfully by Nature within the icy grasp of everlasting Winter.—And there they stand, looking at each other, each meeting, and yet—like feeling and apathy—never allying themselves. You *might* say, why describe that which has been so often told? I answer, because it will be described a thousand times more, for who receives the same impressions? And then, from me, you will have confessions also, for I write down every feeling. When, at last, I looked round me, wound up as I was for the spectacle, I was not disappointed. The flinty ridges of Montanvert towered close behind me—the long extending ranges of the snow-capped Breven rose full in front—the unseen depths of the gorge lying between us, whose bottom was Chamounix. I saw the Arve, in one far point, rolling through it like a snake, and I heard its many voices. The vale is a reservoir, where all the cataracts and watercourses of the hills meet together, and swell the stream into the furious river which it is. How impressive do the bold, awful sides of the Breven appear, as seen from the heights of Montanvert!—its brows wrinkled, as it were, and deep furrowed with dried water courses and torrents, the mournful and prophetic memorials of past and future devastations. Close beside me, and on the right, was the Glazier de Bois, sweeping downwards from the Arguille de Dru, which rose at the entrance of the Mer de Glace, in pinnacles. I only paused on it, as it was dallying with the clouds, for a moment, for my eye had caught the Mer de Glace, and there I was arrested from every thing. Let no one attempt to describe the indescribable; above all, let no one imagine they can form the faintest idea of what the Mer really is, until they have been on it; to look upon it is nothing; for the eye is never to be trusted. Truly it is said, that our senses deceive us, and yet in them how confidently do we trust and judge! It was on the Mer de Glace, by the Jardin, that I received an impression of awful sublimity; an impression of power, and of might, and of majesty, to which words are like the winds which whistle round them; but what I saw, I may tell. I stood, then, in the very centre of a rough tumbling ocean, but an ocean of ice; everywhere rising and falling in mountain waves, each wave from twenty to thirty feet in height. They seemed in fluctuating motion, and yet all were still! And here rested the very climax of their sublimity. Some had half turned, 'and on their curl hung pausing,'—some were as if eddying round, to rise again in volume; but all was petrifaction—all was the motionless silence of death—and the pale livid blue openings in the rents and fissures of the ice confirmed the impression.

What a cleft in the very heart of the world is Switzerland! Here, when the waters of the deluge rushed back again to their deeps,—here was made their wildest effort to free themselves; what an awful and tremendous monument have they left behind them of the warring element which then shook the world from its foundations, and, perhaps, hurled it from its sphere.

I was so absorbed in the idea which had seized me—in the immensity of the object which I beheld—that, for a time, the Col du Geant was unheeded; and even Mont Blanc himself though the Vision was before me. But my eyes, at length, arose from the whitened and the icy chaos in which I stood, and finally settled there; and with what feelings—with what sensation of power and of adoration! When I first ascended, I thought it a pillar of strength, now I felt it a footstool for humblenes: so fickle are our impressions when we are in the hands of maternal Nature! The winds must have been high on its summits; for I saw a tempest, or rather a whirlwind, eddying midway round: the snows, heaved upwards, were thrown over it like the smoke of a volcano; now darkening and now lightening its peaks; and all this work of noise, of whirlwind, and devastation, moved before me, in the immense distance, as silently as a dream.

Nothing could be more awful or imposing than this appearance which the Blanc made while folding, as it were, his mantle round him. Well might such sights have created idolatry among the earlier sons of the earth. Man is, naturally, idolatrous: to excite intensest devotion, he must have some visible type before him of the Invisible; something embodied to turn—to cling to; this the Catholics well know and feel; for this, were the stars and the rising and the setting Sun given to us, to recall to us more immediately Him who made them; but it is before the mountains that man renews all his innate though forgotten impressions.

To throw the more prominent features of landscape before the eye by a few bold strokes of the pen or pencil is easy, but how describe objects which hold nothing in common with the lower world? How impress the mind of the hearer with the feelings of awe and of wonder which are inspired by those immense masses of ice, girded in and over-crested by rocky pyramids still more enormous? by the contrast of the snow's dazzling whiteness with their sombre colors—by the purity of the air, and the clearness of the sunlight, which makes every object to stand out to the eye—by the profound silence of the solitude, broken perhaps, at intervals, by the distant reverberation of falling granite or avalanches—and even by the very barrenness of the rocks themselves, which support nor animal, nor tree, nor verdure. I stood looking on this scene of savage desolation until I felt almost startled, as I recalled the green and lovely field which lay but a few hours' walk behind: I almost thought I was forgotten by Nature in a chaos where she had never smiled;—that I was 'the last man' looking on the skeleton of a world.

Yet this was said too hastily; for before my eyes was a rock, whose tabular summit rose like an island among the sea of snows. The frosts which cover all else, seem scarcely to linger there; it is crowned with a verdure of delicious green, and with the prettiest Alpine flowers; from hence the Savoyards have called it Le Jardin; indeed it has the exact form; and the Glacier has fenced it round with enclosing walls—and there it rises, like some bright remembrance, smiling amidst the frosts of old age.

How delighted I was that I had descended on the Mer de Glace! for when first standing on Montanvert, I felt little inclined, partially from fatigue, partially, perhaps, from the effect of the air. I have said how impossible it is to judge of its wonders at a distance—the eye, as ever, deceives us; and as we look down, its inequalities appear but like the undulating ridges of the waves after a storm. Descend into it, and how wonderfully the scene is changed! those waves are magnified into hills, and the hollows between them into valleys. How astonished was I when I found myself standing amidst a sea of petrified waves—icy and motionless!—when I found myself sunk and buried among them; when I looked along them, rising everywhere around me like a tumbling ridge of hills; half hiding from me the rocky and precipitous shores around them! then, astonishment indeed absorbed every other faculty.

I stood, and observed every where the beautiful accidents of nature—how thickly they gathered around me! I saw profound chinks, vast caverns, and little narrow lakes of palest blue water, enclosed among chrystal or azure walls; rivulets of sparkling green, rolling along icy canals, and precipitating themselves (mocking the greater streams of earth) in abysses below. I drank a little from my hand; it was indeed 'clear—but oh, how cold!'

I felt overstrained, and I reposed on what I saw around me. I was standing by the shore of the Mer de Glace, which was covered with heaps of debris lying under precipitous rocks, which rocks again were but the bases of the Aiguilles above them; they forming the footstool to Mont Blanc. As I stood, I placed one hand on the ice of ages; the other, on the flowers of yesterday! I plucked one of them, for I felt how much they resembled ourselves—they were blooming; while round them gigantic pines were lying in every state of ruin and decay; like empires, they had their centuries, and were gone, as these will have their hours. Nature is here one eternal metamorphosis. One sees the efforts of all times and of all seasons met together. The snows and the frost of Lapland, the flowery vegetation, and the brightest suns of Italy—mosses and ice—waters frozen into glaciers, forming glorious rainbow-arches of rivers, which one afterwards beholds bounding like youth exultingly along happier plains, and 'rejoicing to run their course.' The harshness of winter—the softness of summer—the glowing hues of autumn—all are manifested here! One looks down, with an expanding heart, on a very paradise of a hundred leagues of plains covered with spire-crowned villages, and with joyous vintages—one turns round, chilled and shuddering to twenty thousand feet of ice, which form their line of horizon. I left the beaten track, and struck up immediately against the side of the mountains, in a part where I think few or none might have been before me. I clambered incessantly for one hour up a ridge nearly inaccessible, I should think, to any, excepting to him whose head turns not on the edge of precipices. I threw myself at last on a sort of platform, under a lofty aiguille, which I know not by name; but, what a moment to me was that when I saw what my vision had gained by the ascent! I was there, like Marius, among the ruins of nature—or rather, I seemed to look upon the world ere the Almighty had called it into order. I stood above all: around me was a broken sea of mountains, and the clouds were breaking around their highest tops. The glorious sun was above, and the voices of the thousand torrents were heard below, breaking the almighty silence! What a thrill of exultation, of joy, of wonder, of love, and of gratitude, ran through me! I looked along it all with a side long glance, and half reclining myself—(you know not the pleasure of this, but Coleridge knew it well, and he has described it)—thought I really was looking on another world. I felt alone as the Arab in his desert, on a spot perhaps untrodden by the foot of man; and this very sense of freedom, this inner consciousness, was, perhaps, half the joy, for, when unawed and unchilled by the presence of men with whom one has not one feeling in common, how the inmost soul unfolds itself!

I sprang up and caught firm hold of one solitary pine, which overhung a dizzy precipice. One arm of it was hanging broken over a depth which I would not have hung over for all beneath the sun, and yet there was a butterfly sporting! I trusted to its trunk, and I swung myself forward.

I saw mountains behind, around, and beneath me: fronting me, across the abyss, where lay the Vale of Chamounix, rose the range of the Breven, and a host of mountains; close at my right, across the Mer de Glace, were the red pinnacles of the Dru; and behind me, the Blanc in his clouds. A sea of clouds also, beneath me, was silently opening, and disclosing lovely spots of landscape, and then softly veiling them over, as the breeze fitfully entered into the veil of silvery mist, and shook its dewy folds. Then suddenly, and as it were, in the midst of the sky, a bald craggy peak, like a spear, would reveal itself, apparently based on nothingness, and then become filmy and dim, and vanish away: all was motion—all was life—all was progression (which is life) even here. The winds were abroad, and the birds of prey flew screaming past me—the waters were calling each other, and flowers were bursting into life. Over this face of chaos, Life and Death were met—production and devastation—beauty and decay! All the energies and powers of Nature were here in their first strength; all warring on each other, and living on devastation; the life of each was the other's death; and that death, or change, was the cause of renewed and beautified existence! And here I stood above it all; my only visible companions were the Col du Geant and Mont Blanc; and nothing to interrupt the feeling which was opened between me and the pervading Infinite! The feelings I then gave full way to, have half atoned for an age of past or future crime.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.—A little girl, connected with the First Congregational Sabbath school, one day said to her teacher, 'I want every body to come to the Sabbath school.' This desire prompted her to make corresponding efforts to accomplish the object of her wishes; and there are now in the infant department, *thirteen little boys and girls*, who have been introduced through her instrumentality. What might not be accomplished, would every Sabbath scholar imitate the example of this little!

Translated for the Register and Observer.

GERMAN PARABLES.

6. *Winfried.*

When Winfried, the faithful teacher, wished to depart from his kindred and preach the gospel to the Germans, his friends attempted to dissuade him, and said, Remain in your land, and your home, you can do good enough there, and contend with evil, and that is all you want. They will reject your good offices and put you to death.

But Winfried answered and said, Hear therefore a dream which I have dreamed, and then decide. I dreamed I was in a land which the war had desolated some years before and changed to a desert. I saw around me the ruins of the former dwellings of men, and all seemed dead. While I was walking on in a melancholy mood, I met on the mountain with a group of little children, barefoot and naked, who fed on the roots which they dug out of the ground, and sometimes on the bones of animals which they found. The children and desolation filled me with grief, and I called to them and said, Where is your house, and your father and mother. The children shrieked with a wild cry. The war has devoured them. The war has devoured them. They ran away and vanished from my eyes. But I stood filled with sorrow and grief, and turned my face towards home. And lo, I heard behind me, a mocking laugh, and presently, a voice which said, Thou hast the goods of earth, and full granaries and chambers; up then, thou rich man, eat, drink and be of good cheer.

Then the spirit excited me, and I turned and said, As sure as the Lord and my soul live, I will be a father to these orphans. And I went to take them to myself, and I heard a gentle murmur and awoke.

When he had related this, his relatives said, That is a dream, are you then a rich man?

But Winfried answered and said, Silver and gold have I none, but am I not rich in knowledge, spirit and faith? And why is my eye turned to this orphan people, for which I grieve more than for all others? I will guide them to the Truth.

They were silent at these words, and Winfried the man of God went out into Germany. He put away their idols, from the hill-tops and the oaks, although they resisted. He taught them the words of Faith and of Hope and of Love. They received it and were happy, and said, Well is he called *Winfried* (win-peace) for he has *won peace* for us. But others said, He has done us good,—and called him *Bonifacius* (Benefactor.)

For the Register and Observer.

WHY DO NOT MORE YOUNG MEN ENTER THE MINISTRY.

Surprise is often expressed, that more young men do not enter the Christian ministry, especially when there is so loud a call from the West and the South, and from many New England villages. Why do we have so few, who will go forth and labor, at the outposts of Zion? Why do we see so little of the apostolic, missionary spirit? I answer, from the want of encouragement—encouragement from those, who are most closely united to our young men.

Many are the young men, who, after reading the lives of Oberlin, Felix Neff, and a host of devoted disciples, approved as these are by the praises of thousands and by the life of Jesus, are inspired to go and do likewise. Under this holy impulse, they have entered our theological institutions; and separated from home, in the society of kindred spirits, their purpose is strengthened, their good resolutions are confirmed. But when the time approaches to carry into effect the holy purpose, when their bosoms heave with the high and joyous anticipation, that they shall indeed soon be co-workers with the Father and the Son, when they have experienced a little of the delight of the holy office, when at last they have received an invitation, and return to their friends to relate the glad tidings, then, alas! they find that the cup is almost dashed from their lips, the obstacles which they had hoped to have surmounted by self-devotion, are presented in the strongest colors, the sacrifices which they had considered and determined to make, are set forth anew; their selfishness, pride and ambition are appealed to and inflamed. When distrust and anxiety are upon them, when they naturally turn to their friends, professed followers of the same Master, for the cheering voice of consolation, the approving smile, and the hand of pious blessing, then they are met with the sad look of discouragement, they are told in the solemn tone of 'wisdom, gained from bitter, sorrowful experience,' that they know not what those untried scenes will bring. Instead of a helping hand to assist them over the rugged paths and a good speed to urge them on, doupts and fears are expressed, the selfishness and bitterness of the world are hinted at, distrust in glorious visions of future beatitude awakened, anything and everything which can darken the prospect, are set before them.

I appeal to those who are connected by various ties to the young men, who have entered or are entering upon the active duties of the ministry, if they have not presented to them

more to discourage than to encourage their ardent souls, which burn to enter as laborers into the vineyard of the Lord? if, instead of giving a cheerful, hearty God speed to a disinterested, self-denying spirit, they have not held back and reluctantly given assent to their separation and departure? if natural affection, parental, or filial love, have not ruled and governed a higher affection, love to God, and to Christ, to man and to truth?

Parents, sisters, brothers, what have you done to awaken, to cherish and encourage the spirit which would devote itself to the cause of Christ? Our young men need all which may cheer and strengthen them for the work, the glorious but arduous work which is before them. It may cost you many pangs, it may disappoint fond expectations, it may bring fear and anxiety. But shall these prevent devotion to God and his Christ? Think you, that the mother of Jesus was not pierced with many sorrows? think you that her eye did not follow her Son with fear and anxiety, as he walked among his enemies in the temple and to Calvary? Besides, will you not prefer that your son, or brother, should follow this example of devotion to truth, to God and to man, than that he should pass his days in the lap of luxury, surrounded by all the endearments of domestic life, without trial of his virtue, his devotion and his holy purpose? Oh think not, when that son or brother turns his back upon his home, that he loves this less, but the cause of Christ more. Think not that his attachment to us has diminished, because he has found another object of his regard and affection, his Savior, for whom he would labor, and if need be suffer or die. As you value his peace of mind, encourage the promptings of his soul. Alas, too often has the young man entered upon his new field of duty with the reflection, that he is thought hardly of by those whom he leaves, because he has gone forth cheerfully in obedience to a call from afar, from a prompting within and from above.

What wonder then that so few go forth as missionaries, when upon the very threshold of the office, they see that others, or themselves, meet with no encouragement to a self-denying spirit. Yes more, that their disinterestedness and self-devotion are laughed at as visionary, treated as the fruits of childish inexperience, of ignorance of the world. More than one instance of this might be mentioned. I repeat it, our young men do not find that encouragement from those near and dear, which they have a right to expect from *professed followers* of Jesus Christ.

Parents, sisters, brothers, do you esteem and prize that spirit which actuated Paul, and Oberlin and a host of similar devoted ones? Do you cherish it when seen in a son, or a brother? or do you rather dampen his ardor? Do you love your son, or brother, more than Jesus? Shall the cause of Christ languish to save you from disappointment, or a pang of sorrow?

Thanks be to God, there is something to sustain the disappointed, the disquieted soul. When a young man has left his home, how often does his eye rest upon these words of his Master, 'He that loveth father, or mother, more than me, is not worthy of me. Every one that hath forsaken brother or sisters, father or mother, wife or children for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' What comfort, what strength do they bring to his good resolution. How often does he say, would that my parents, or brothers, or sisters, who have shown such reluctance at my separation, and who would have dissuaded me from the purpose, could fix their eyes upon the same passage, and read, 'He, that loveth son, or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me.' Then might they be reconciled to the sacrifice, and cheerfully submit; then would they encourage every similar purpose, and the walls of Zion might be every where guarded, and the gospel of peace be made known. Blessed is he who has never dampened the devotion of the young disciple, and minister of Christ. C.

JEWS' SUNDAY SCHOOL.—A school of 70 pupils is taught every Sunday in Philadelphia, by Jewish ladies of known philanthropy and intelligence. The children belong to the congregation under Mr Leeser's care. Of course the Old Testament only is used.

'Who is the most miserable man upon earth? and whither shall we seek him? Not to the tavern! not to the theatre!—but to the Church! That man who has sat Sabbath after Sabbath under the awakening and affecting calls of the Gospel, and has hardened his heart against these calls, he is the man whose condition is the most desperate of all others: 'Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell.—*Cecil.*

ANECDOTE. FIRMNESS AND FORBEARANCE.—In his history of the Puritans, Brooks relates an incident in the life of Mr Deering, one of the most learned and eloquent of the Puritan non-conformists, well deserving the serious attention of all Christians. Mr Deering was once dining in a large public company, when a daring young man of profane language, happened to sit opposite to him. The young man was breaking forth into the most blasphemous expressions, at almost every word that he uttered, and at length the good minister rebuked him. The daring youth immediately discharged a glass of beer in his face. The worthy servant of Christ took no notice of the insult, but wiped his face and continued eating as before. The young gentleman presently renewed his profane dialect, and was again reproved by Mr D. Upon which with more rage and violence he flung another glass of beer in his face. The Christian man still remained unmoved and meek. This so astonished the youth that he arose from the table, fell on his knees and asked Mr Deering's pardon, declaring at the same time, that if any of the company should offer him a similar insult, he would stab the aggressor with his sword. 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

BY DEGREES.—We read that the nails in the Holy of Holies, 2d Chron. 3d: 8 and 9, were of fine gold. Hence ariseth a question how such nails could be useful? pure gold being so flexible, that a nail made thereof will bow and not drive.

Now I was present at the debate hereof, betwixt the best working gold-smiths in London, where among many other ingenious answers, this carried away the credit for the greatest probability thereof viz. that they were screw nails, which had holes prepared for their reception, and so were wound in by degrees.

God's work must not be done lazily, but leisurely: haste maketh waste in this kind. In reformation of great importance, the violent driving in of the nail will either break the head or bow the point thereof, or rive and split that which should be fastened therewith.

That may insensibly be screwed, which cannot suddenly be knocked into people. Fair and softly goeth far, but, alas! we have too many fiery spirits, who, with Jehu, drive on so furiously they will overturn all in church and state, if their fierceness be not seasonably retrenched.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The teachers and children of the Northampton Street Sabbath School, celebrated their first Anniversary by an excursion to the country on Saturday afternoon last, at the invitation of their Pastor, Rev. John T. Sargent a minister at large in this city. They repaired to Dorchester, where they were hospitably received by Mrs Sargent, at her elegant seat in that village. The grounds in the rear of the buildings are elevated, affording a most commanding prospect, of the city, the harbor, its islands, and the surrounding country. In the midst of a portion of these, finely wooded by nature, was erected a bower or temple, with the trunks and branches of the oak, pine and cedar trees. After the children had rambled freely through the woods in gathering berries, and flowers, and other beautiful productions of nature, they were assembled in the bower erected for the purpose, where they sung the following hymn, written for the occasion:

Lord of the teeming earth and sky,
Whose fanes are forest bowers,
With shadowy cedars lifted high,
Mid incense of the flowers,

From many a loved though lowly home,
From cottage dark though dear,
Poor, needy, craving light, we come
To seek and see thee here.

Here, in the grove whose grateful shade
And woody aisles inspire,
(A temple not by mortals made)
We worship and admire.

In meadows, vales, and scented fields
Thy providence we see:
It fills the balmy air which yields
To wing of bird or bee.

Thou who dost lead thy thirsting flocks
Where'er still waters flow,
Whose love is graven on the rocks,
And paints the arching bow,

So let thy love to us be shown,
Thy gracious help be given,
That we may meet around thy throne
To sing thy praise in heaven.

They were then addressed by their Pastor, and some invited guests. The remarks of each were adapted to the occasion which had called them together, and the scene in which they were placed, and were calculated to make a deep impression upon their minds, as commingling with innocent recreation the duties and services of a holy religion. The company then returned to the Mansion House of Mrs S. where they were regaled with an abundance of rare and delicious fruits and cooling beverages. Every attention was rendered to make the occasion one of gratification and improvement to the children, and it was brought to a close by the singing of another hymn, and by listening to some parting remarks from their devoted Pastor.

It was truly delightful to see this group, taken

'From many a loved though lowly home,
From cottage dark though dear,'

mingling with those who were placed by Providence in a more favored sphere and inspired thereby to greater self-respect, to more kindly feelings towards the whole family of man, and more reverence and love to their common Father in Heaven. We express the hope that these children which have been gathered with their parents by the Fraternity of Churches under the pastoral care of Mr Sargent with a band of religious worshippers, will soon be favored with a more commodious place of worship than the small building now occupied by them in Northampton Street. The subscription is already a noble one, and we trust the effort which is now making to complete it will be successful. Then will these one hundred children with their parents and friends, with many others in that vicinity, be enabled to go up to the house of God in company together, the privilege of which has heretofore been denied them from the circumstances of their condition.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—It is, I believe, a fact—and certainly, to every person of sober reflection and right feelings, it must be a very gratifying fact, that an increasing interest is felt by the community generally, in observing in some suitable manner *the ever glorious fourth*, that day which gave birth to our national existence.

And why should we not observe the day? It is fraught with considerations of higher moment, of more thrilling interest, than almost any other day within the history of nations. Why not hail its return with gladness? Why not suffer the fire of patriotism to burst forth in demonstrations of joy; and our deep emotions of gratitude, in expressions of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God! And as the destinies of our beloved country will soon be in the hands of our posterity, why not put forth, on that day, special and united exertions to guide our children and youth in the right way, and fit them for the serious and important duties of life?

The following account of the manner in which the day was observed by the good people of Townsend, is offered for publication, not from a desire of ostentatious display; but from a full conviction that such a mode of celebrating the day is calculated to *do good, without doing harm* —to exert a happy influence upon the feelings of the community at large; and also with the hope that others may be induced, on the return of our national anniversary, to 'go and do likewise.'

At one o'clock P. M. a procession was formed at the Female Seminary in the West Village, under the direction of Maj. Joseph H. Hildreth. It consisted of an infant class—the children of the Sabbath Schools—the scholars of the several district schools—the young Ladies of the Seminary with their respective Teachers, followed by the Clergy, the choir of singers and the inhabitants of the place generally.

Escorted by the Townsend Brass Band, they proceeded to the Baptist Meeting House where appropriate religious services were performed. Rev. Mr Shaw addressed the parents, showing their duties as moral and religious instructors of their children, and urging their responsibilities especially in reference to the Sabbath School. Rev. Mr Tracy addressed the children, and closed with some brief remarks showing that the early and religious education of our youth is the means, chiefly to be relied on, to preserve and perpetuate our civil liberties.

From the house of worship, the procession was conducted to a pleasant field in rear of the Seminary, where the Committee of arrangements had fitted up a delightful bower, extending nearly 30 rods, and covering a table of the same length, prepared with a degree of neatness and good taste that we have rarely, if ever, witnessed on any similar occasion. The *table was amply furnished*—and mostly by the ladies of Townsend, with bread and cheese, cake, puffs, tarts, &c. &c.—while the Committee of arrangements took good care to have a plentiful supply of pure *cold water*.

At this grateful and liberal repast about *seven hundred and fifty persons* were refreshed. After the company had fed themselves to their satisfaction, without much previous concert or preparation, a number of sentiments were given and responded to, not by pouring down glass upon glass of wine or strong drink, but by lively tunes from the Band, accompanied by occasional cheers from the guests.

When all the parts were well sustained, and the appearances throughout, good—it might seem invidious to notice particulars. Still we can hardly refrain from expressing our high satisfaction at the interest which was felt and expressed by the Teachers and Scholars of the several district schools on the occasion. The choir also (led by Mr Shattuck) are entitled to much credit for their prompt preparation for the occasion. Their appearance was remarkably *neat* and *uniform*, and their performances highly interesting, appropriate and satisfactory. The gratuitous services of the Brass Band were very acceptable.

But perhaps no portion of the procession excited more interest and attention than the little *infant class*, under the charge of Mrs Kidder and her daughter—a number of this class were very young, still they all showed, by their strict regard to propriety and good order, that the efforts of their teachers to discipline their young minds had not been unavailing.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—In this age we begin to think meanly of the Lord's Prayer. Oh how basely may the Lord think of our prayers!—*Fuller.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Dear Sir,—I leave the following lines at your disposal. If in your judgment they possess sufficient merit, I should be happy to see them in your next Register. Allow me to explain to you the circumstances under which they were written, which if they shall add nothing to their literary merit, will I am sure, make you rejoice with me, in thankfulness for the beautiful spirit they manifest, and the testimony they offer to the sustaining power, and blessed influences of our simple faith.

The authoress is a mother, and a Unitarian in faith, and in heart and life—made so, by the works of Channing and Ware; and she affords but an instance of what those messengers of truth, in their now widely diffused writings, are doing for the individual and the public mind. This mother lives in a pretty, retired village, far in the interior of the State of Maine, more than 50 miles remote from any Society of our order. She has had two children, and lost them both while infants—she has now the third, a beautiful child and doing well; but the third she supposed she had lost, or to use her own language; 'I thought my darling had joined my other jewels. I said calmly, 'Father, thy will be done.' I kissed his brow, 'twas cold as marble, we loosed the muffler when breath had been suspended many minutes, and he gasped, he lived. My Father said, 'it is enough.' He saw we made the sacrifice, and gave him back for some wise purpose.' . . . . 'She says again, 'I will send you a specimen of my thoughts. The other day, when I laid down, almost distracted, not having slept for two or three nights, but a few hours, I was not able to sit up half the time, and writing them made the perspiration drop from my brow like rain.'

O, how dark the cloud is gathering!
Can I meet the billow's roar?
Nature, trembling, shrinks from suff'ring
As she sees the tempest lour.

Bare my feet now touch the waters,
Round me all is dark and drear:
But methinks, I hear soft whispers
Telling me, that God is near.

Yes! I know that *God is near me*
In the wildest storm that blows,
For he says, I'll never leave thee
If thy hopes on me repose.

Then I'll look to thee, my Father!
Nor will ever doubt or fear,
Sorrow's cloud, and dark, deep water
Tell me loudly, Thou art here.

On thine arm, that's all-sustaining,
I will ever safe rely,
Through life's troubles, pain and suff'ring,
It shall guide to realms on high.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE YOUNG LADY'S AID.

Mr Editor,—With your permission, I would recommend through your columns to the reading public generally, and to *young ladies* in *particular*, The Young Lady's Aid, by the Rev. Jason Whitman of Portland, Me., and which was briefly noticed in your paper of last week. It is a work, we have long wanted, to fill a deficiency in the Female Library. Mr Whitman has written, in a plain, practical, earnest and affectionate manner, which cannot but commend the work to every reader, aside from the justness of the instructions therein contained. He has too, I believe, written from the heart, and from experience; having been a zealous, and successful teacher of young ladies himself, and having always taken a peculiar interest in the moral and intellectual welfare of that important, and most interesting part of Society, the Female Community. As his Preface indicates, he has not stopped to finish here a line, and polish there a word, but has written 'right on' from the fullness of his heart, in that close, logical, and yet clear and simple style, which is so characteristic of the Author. To every young lady who is desirous of improving her character, who feels that she is a moral and accountable being, who feels that upon women, upon the matrons, and daughters of our country, a high responsibility rests, that to them is given indirectly the fashioning of the customs, and habits of our people, and who would seek some work of a solid, religious, practical nature, I would say, purchase Mr Whitman's Book. Read it, study it, reflect upon it.

My limits forbid making extracts, and indeed I would not, if I could. The book must be read throughout to be valued as it ought. Would the Committees or Superintendents of our Sabbath Schools purchase a few copies for their respective pupils, I imagine, they would receive a good return, in the increased interest, which would be manifested, by the female members, in religious study and reading—and through them by all their scholars. In my humble view this work will prove a rich addition to our Library of useful, religious books.

A FRIEND OF THE YOUNG.

Fitchburgh, Mass. July 17th, 1838.

APPEAL FOR THE FARM SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

It is well known that there are many boys in this city morally exposed to ruin. In some instances one, or both of the parents are intemperate; in other cases the father is removed, and the widowed mother is unable to control them, they become truants from school, and are in the 'broad way leading to destruction.' The writer has knowledge of *many* such, and feels it a duty to state the fact through your paper, because for the want of greater means, that excellent institution, the Farm School, cannot receive them.

A recent visit to this institution, led to the following notice in the 'Christian Watchman,' which you are requested to copy, as it may promote the object of the writer by extending its circulation.

July 16th, 1838.

VISIT TO THE FARM SCHOOL.

By the politeness of the Managers of this Institution, we received, in common with many others, an invitation to pay it a visit on Monday. The Hingham steamboat, Gen. Lincoln, in her regular trip left the wharf at 9, A. M., touched at the island at 10, and returned to the city at 1, P. M., affording about two hours to visit the place. This school it will be remembered, is situated on Thompson's Island, a little distance from South Boston and Dorchester. The island contains about 140 acres. The Institution was incorporated in 1832, and was intended as an asylum for indigent boys destitute of parental support and instruction. By a statement made by Hon. Jonathan Phillips, President of the Board of Managers, it appears that one hundred and forty have been received, and twenty have been indented chiefly to farmers, and most of them were taken from great moral exposure. A fact was related by one of the company worthy of preservation. The island was once the property of the town of Dorchester; and in 1639 the town voted to appropriate the income of the island to the support of schools. It now *supports* one in reality, and to pretty good purpose.

On arriving at the island we were invited immediately to the school room, where the boys were assembled for the purpose of being examined in their studies, particularly their progress in the theory of Agriculture; after which we were promised an opportunity of seeing their practice. The boys were assembled, dressed in their blue coats and frocks, all observing the utmost propriety and order. First the shoemakers and tailors were called upon, and we were informed by the superintendent that they had made and mended all the shoes and clothes worn by the whole number. Next the farmers were called on in different classes, the older of whom labored steadily during the summer, and the younger divided their time between labor and study in alternate classes. The boys have done all the labor on the farm except what has been done by the officers of the Institution and one hired man.

After these general statements, Capt. Chandler, the superintendent, commenced an examination of the boys, from the manual used by them, comprising the leading principles of Agriculture and Horticulture, as well as of Botany; and the prompt answers which they gave, showed the thorough and accurate manner in which they attend to their lessons. They were next examined in Arithmetic, Geography, Reading and Speaking. The manner in which they acquitted themselves was highly gratifying. It did look wholesome to see them all raise their hands when a question was put, for they showed not only their promptitude and accuracy in answering, but vigor and elasticity of muscle seldom witnessed. Would we could oftener witness such a forest of hardy hands. Their reading and declamation showed remarkable strength of voice and clearness of articulation.

The boys were then briefly addressed by Hon Horace Mann. His remarks were chiefly intended to warn them of the danger of indulging passion, and to encourage them to be patient and persevering in their studies. To impress the importance of the latter he introduced the following beautiful illustration. He asked the boys how many of them had visited the top of the State House. A large number of hands responded. Well, you recollect you went up many long and dark flights of stairs, sometimes this way and sometimes that, and then round in a spiral manner, and could see nothing but timbers and walls, till at last you reached the top; then the whole country and city were spread out before you. So it is now; you are toiling up through many a hard and dark lesson of which you can hardly see the use now, but when you reach the top you will see the benefit of the whole. Therefore go on in the way your teacher leads you, whether you can see the end or not. The services were closed with prayer by Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of this city.

We were now invited to walk over the farm, accompanied by the superintendent, who pointed out the various kinds of vegetables cultivated, with the manner of cultivation. We have not time at present to go into particulars, but as a Report is expected soon from the officers, we may present to our readers a more minute account of the affairs and management, at a future time. The whole company appeared much gratified with the visit, and the appearance of order and neatness throughout the establishment. Capt. Chandler has the intelligence, independence, and stamina of a true New England farmer. The appearance of such a man is enough to inspire health, cheerfulness and confidence. In fact we began to think it was not so great a curse to be poor, after all, on witnessing the results of cheerful industry at the Farm School. Many of the sons of the rich may yet have to lament that they had not in some way enjoyed the influence of such a training in early youth. What is wealth compared with a good constitution, industrious habits and economy; and above all, that contentment of mind which they so much foster? The number of boys is at present 110, and yet they have had no occasion for the services of a physician during the year past.

We commend this Institution to the sympathies and charities of our community. It is one in which we all are interested. We were informed that the funds are so low at the present time, that the Managers are obliged to refuse admittance to many proper objects of their charity. Now this ought not to be so. We do hope, that among our numerous company that witnessed the progress of these boys in the science and practice of husbandry under Capt Chandler, and their advance in common school education, under Mr Hyde, will seriously reflect on the astonishing different result, of the career of these boys through life, in thus being thoroughly instructed in the high profession of Agriculture, instead of that had they been left miserable outcasts amid the lowest grades of our city, and so trained for the prison, or the gallows. And may the reflection lead them to do something to aid the Institution, which was founded by the purest benevolence, and must be sustained by charity, until the culture of the island may chiefly support its expenses The object of the Managers, who themselves have spent their thousands in the establishment of this Institution, in giving such invitations to gentlemen and ladies is, we presume, to make their object known—to awaken the benevolence of visiters—with a hope, too, they will tell the story of their visit to their friends, and thus make known to the philanthropic world that the FARM SCHOOL is worthy of their best donations.

In consequence of the remarks of the press upon the disgrace of a grog shop in the Capitol, Congress passed a resolution that no more spirituous liquor should be sold on the premises. A writer in the Temperance Herald says this resolution has been evaded, and spirits of all kinds are sold under the name of wines, being kept in junk bottles for those honorable members, who are in the secret.—*Chris. Intel.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1838.

DIVINITY SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE.

The Annual visitation took place on Wednesday last. The exercises were of a high order, interesting, and appropriately delivered. The music was performed with great taste and excellent effect. A large and very respectable audience attended. We have seldom, if ever, been so much gratified on a similar occasion. The young men seem to be thoroughly furnished for their holy work, and go out into the field of duty with a good spirit, with many benedictions and under happy auspices.

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI.

The Alumni assembled, according to previous appointment, in the Chapel of the University, at 3 o'clock P.M.

The meeting was organized by the choice of Rev. James Walker D.D. Moderator, and Rev. Chandler Robbins, Secretary.

The Report of the Committee appointed at the last meeting, was read by the Chairman, Rev. Cazneau Palfrey. It recommended the formation of an association of the Alumni of the Theological School, and proposed a set of Resolutions which were taken up, considered separately, and after a few remarks and suggestions by several individuals were unanimously adopted; and the Report was accepted.

The meeting then proceeded to the choice of officers for the next Anniversary. Dr Walker was elected President and Chandler Robbins Secretary.

A Committee of three was then appointed, consisting of Revs. Charles Briggs, S. K. Lothrop and H. A. Miles of Lowell to provide a suitable person to deliver a discourse at the next anniversary occasional to the formation of the Association.

A Committee of five was chosen to draft a Constitution for the Society, to be laid before the members at the next meeting, viz: Rev H. Ware, Jr D.D., Caleb Stetson, Samuel Barrett, Cazneau Palfrey, George F. Simmons. The President and Secretary were subsequently added to the Committee.

Remarks were afterwards offered by several gentlemen explanatory of their views in regard to the objects contemplated by the Association, and, in general, highly commendatory of its formation, as tending to strengthen the sacred bond of spiritual brotherhood; to enliven mutual interest in the great cause of Liberal Christianity; and especially to increase the number of preachers and to build up the Divinity College.

An excellent spirit pervaded the meeting, and we have no doubt that a permanent and very useful Association is destined to grow out of the proposition, which has in its beginning met with so much favour amongst the Fraternity.

PROBUS, OR LETTERS FROM ROME.

It is estimating this book at a high value to say that it is in no respect inferior to Letters from Palmyra, which, from its plan, it ought closely to resemble, as it does.

It is thickly interspersed with noble and generous sentiments, and inculcates a sound christian philosophy. Its descriptions of places, persons and scenes of classical interest, are lively, easy and graceful. The style is dignified and classical, worthy of being attributed to an intelligent Roman, and yet sufficiently free and pliant for the friendly epistle.

One of the greatest merits of 'Letters from Rome' as well as 'Letters from Palmyra' is that they are calculated to do something towards diverting the interest of inexperienced readers from those characters and events which have usually been invested with a romantic charm to their minds; and turning their admiration towards others, hitherto less celebrated, but far more worthy of admiration and remembrance.

The early history of Christianity and of its magnanimous professors and martyrs, if fairly contemplated, does indeed, cast a shade upon the splendid triumphs and renowned heroes of conquering Rome.

These last two works have added a valuable contribution to American Literature, while they have earned for their author a brilliant reputation, as a classical scholar and accomplished writer.

The following spirited extract from the second volume will be read with interest by those who have not seen the work.

THE MARTYR.

At the same moment the long peal of trumpets, and the shouts of the people without, gave note of the approach and entrance of the Emperor. In a moment more, with his swift step, he entered the amphitheatre, and strode to the place set apart for him, the whole multitude rising and saluting him with a burst of welcome that might have been heard beyond the walls of Rome. The Emperor acknowledged the salutation by rising from his seat and lifting the crown from his head. He was instantly seated again, and at a sign from him the herald made proclamation of the entertainments which were to follow. He who was named as the first to suffer, was Probus.

When I heard his name pronounced, with the punishment which awaited him, my resolution to remain forsook me, and I turned to rush frow the theatre. But my recollection of Probus's earnest intreaties that I would be there, restrained me and I returned to my seat. I considered, that as I would attend the dying bed of a friend, so I was clearly bound to remain where I was, and wait for the last moments of Probus; and the circumstances that his death was to be shocking and harrowing to the friendly heart was not enough to absolve me from the heavy obligation. I therefore kept my place, and awaited with patience the event.

I had waited not long when, from beneath that extremity of the theatre where I was sitting, Probus was led forth and conducted to the centre of the arena, where was a short pillar to which it was customary to bind the sufferers. Probus, as he entered, seemed rather like one who came to witness what was there than to be himself the victim, so free was his step, so erect his form. In his face there might indeed be seen an expression, that could only dwell on the countenance of one whose spirit was already gone beyond the earth, and holding converse with things unseen. There is always much of this in the serene, uplifted face of this remarkable man; but it was now there written in lines so bold and deep, that there could have been few in that vast assembly but must have been impressed by it, as never before by aught human. It must have been this, which brought so deep a silence upon that great multitude—not the mere fact that an individual was about to be torn by lions—that is an almost daily pastime. For it was so, that when he first made his appearance, and as he moved toward the centre turned and looked round upon the crowded seats rising to the heavens, the people neither moved nor spoke, but kept their eyes fastened upon him as by some spell which they could not break.

When he had reached the pillar, and he who had conducted him was about to bind him to it, it was plain, by what at that distance we could observe, that Probus was entreating him to desist and leave him at liberty; in which he at length succeeded, for that person returned, leaving him alone and unbound. O sight of misery!—he who for the humblest there present would have performed any office of love, by which the least good should redound to them, left alone and defenceless, they looking on and scarcely pitying his cruel fate! When now he had stood there not many minutes, one of the doors of the vivaria was suddenly thrown back, and bounding forth with a roar, that seemed to shake the walls of the theatre, a lion of huge dimensions leaped upon the arena. Majesty and power were inscribed upon his lordly limbs; and as he stood there where he had first sprung, and looked round upon the multitude, how did his gentle eye and noble carriage, with which no one for a moment could associate meanness, or cruelty, or revenge, cast shame upon the human monsters assembled to behold a solitary, unarmed man torn limb from limb! When he had in this way looked upon that cloud of faces, he then turned and moved round the arena through its whole circumference, still looking upwards upon those who filled the seats—not till he had come again to the point from which he started so much as noticing him who stood, his victim, in the midst. Then—as if apparently for the first time becoming conscious of his presence—he caught the form of Probus; and moving slowly towards him, looked steadfastly upon him, receiving in return the settled gaze of the Christian. Standing there still awhile—each looking upon the other—he then walked round him, then approached nearer, making suddenly and for a moment those motions which indicate the roused appetite; but, as it were in the spirit of self-rebuke, he immediately retreated a few paces and lay down in the sand, stretched out his head toward Probus, and closing his eyes as if for sleep.

The people, who had watched in silence and with the interest of those who wait for their entertainment, were both amazed and vexed, at what now appeared to be the dullness and stupidity of the beast. When however he moved not from his place, but seemed as if he were indeed about to fall into a quiet sleep, those who occupied the lower seats began both to cry out to him and shake at him their caps, and toss about their arms in the hope to rouse him. But it was all in vain; and at the command of the Emperor he was driven back to his den.

Again a door of the vivaria was thrown open, and another of equal size, but of a more alert and rapid step, broke forth, and, as if delighted with his sudden liberty and the ample range, coursed round and round the arena, wholly regardless both of the people and of Probus, intent only as it seemed upon his own amusement. And when at length he discovered Probus standing in his place, it was but to bound toward him as in frolic, and then wheel away in pursuit of a pleasure he esteemed more highly than the satisfying of his hunger. At this, the people were not a little astonished, and many who were near me hesitated not to say, 'that there might be some design of the gods in this.' Others said, plainly, but not with raised voices, 'An omen! an omen!' At the same time, Isaac turned and looked at me with an expression of countenance which I could not interpret. Aurelian meanwhile exhibited many signs of impatience; and when it was evident the animal could not be wrought up, either by the cries of the people or of the keepers to any act of violence, he too was taken away. But when a third had been let loose, and with no better effect, nay, with less—for he, when he had at length approached Probus, fawned upon him and laid himself at his feet—the people, superstitious as you know beyond any others, now cried out aloud, 'An omen! an omen!' and made the sign that Probus should be spared and removed. Aurelian himself seemed almost of the same mind, and I can hardly doubt would have ordered him to be released, but that Fronto at that moment approached him, and by a few of those words which coming from him are received by Aurelian as messages from Heaven, put within him a new and different mind; for rising quickly from his seat, he ordered the keeper of the vivaria to be brought before him. When he appeared below upon the sands, Aurelian cried out to him,

'Why, knave, dost thou weary out our patience thus—letting forth beasts already overfed? Do thus again, and thou thyself shalt be thrown to them. Art thou too a Christian?'

'Great Emperor,' replied the keeper, 'than those I have now let loose there are not larger nor fiercer in the imperial dens, and since the sixth hour of yesterday they have tasted nor food nor drink. Why they have thus put off their nature 'tis hard to guess, unless the general cry be taken for the truth, 'that the gods have touched them.'

Aurelian was again seen to waver, when a voice from the benches cried out,

'It is, O Emperor, but another Christian device! Forget not the voice from the temple! The Christians, who claim powers over demons, bidding them go and come at pleasure, may well be thought capable to change, by the magic imputed to them, the nature of a beast.'

'I doubt not,' said the Emperor, 'but it is so. Slave! throw up now the doors of all thy vaults, and let us see whether both lions and tigers be not too much for this new necromancy. If it

be the gods who interpose, they can shut the mouths of thousands as of one.

At those cruel words, the doors of the vivaria were at once flung open, and an hundred of their fierce tenants, maddened both by hunger and the goads that had been applied, rushed forth, and in the fury with which in a single mass they fell upon Probus—then kneeling upon the sands—and burying him beneath them, no one could behold his fate, nor when that dark troop separated and ran howling about the arena in search of other victims, could the eye discover the least vestige of that holy man.—I then fled from the theatre as one who flies from that which is worse than death.

The subjoined letter from Louisville, Ky. communicates information that will be highly gratifying to every friend of Liberal Christianity, and of Christian Union.

We cordially rejoice to perceive that amongst those, who have successfully planted the Rose of Sharon in the western wilderness, are numbered several of our missionaries and friends; and also to find that that flower of our own favorite hue and fragrance is taking root so well, and blooming so beautifully in many places beyond the borders of New England.

Louisville, Ky. 5th July, 1838.

Mr Editor,—Yesterday being the anniversary of our national independence, it was celebrated by the Sabbath School of the Unitarian Church in this city, with appropriate religious exercises. The day was delightful, and the heavens seemed to smile upon us while engaged in those acts of devotion which are the offerings of sincere and grateful hearts. In accordance with previous arrangement, the children assembled in the vestry at four P. M., and from thence adjourned to the Church. The number present belonging to our school was about one hundred. A public invitation having been given to the children of other schools to join us, it increased the number to near three hundred. The church was filled to *overflowing* by the parents of the children and spectators. And it was indeed a gratifying spectacle to behold among the latter, many who were members of other denominations. The order of exercises was as follows:

1st, Hymn; 2d, Prayer; 3d, Hymn; 4th, Reading Scriptures; 5th, Hymn; 6th, Address; 7th, Hymn; 8th, Address; 9th, Hymn; 10th, Benediction. The singing was performed by the children, and the first address was delivered by the Rev. Mr Clarke. The second was by Mr Dickinson, superintendent of the Methodist school. The remarks of both were confined chiefly to the scholars. After the services, the children and parents partook of a collation prepared by the teachers. The room was beautifully decorated, and the tables tastefully spread by the ladies of the society.

In this celebration, there was much calculated to inspire the heart with deep and heartfelt gratitude to God. When we look back upon the past, and remember how much prejudice existed on the part of others, and reflect, that that prejudice is gradually dying away, while a better feeling is pervading the community;—what may we not anticipate for the future? How much then does it become us to carry out the great law of charity in all our intercourse with our fellow creatures, so that the time may be hastened on, when party feeling shall be done away, and Christian love and unity be the prevailing sentiment of all true followers of Jesus Christ. The system of Sabbath Schools has done much towards accomplishing this object, by exerting a beneficial influence upon the hearts of parents in subduing those harsh feelings which education and mistaken zeal have fostered. The infant mind has gone forth as a missionary though unconscious of it, and is repaying the teacher for the many acts of kindness and affection it has received.

Since our last celebration, the grave has closed over two of our scholars, and we have been called to mourn the departure of one of the female teachers. While the heart is saddened by the reflection that we shall not behold them again, a cheering ray breaks through the gloom when we remember that they were prepared to die. Our friend was taken from a labor of love and usefulness, and transported to a better world. May this event have such an effect upon our hearts, as to inspire us to a greater diligence as teachers, so that while we are preparing the youthful mind for eternity, we may also prepare ourselves for the kingdom of Heaven. A TEACHER.

The following is an extract from a sermon preached in Washington, D. C. by Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, on the Sunday, after the arrival of the intelligence of the destruction of the Pulaski. Our readers will recollect that Mr B. was for several years a resident in Georgia, where he was intimately acquainted with several of the unfortunate sufferers. We copy from the National Intelligencer.

'When, as at the present time, the sympathies of a nation are called forth by an event which has filled hundreds of hearts with agony; when suddenly whole families have been summoned from this life, and the honored, the energetic, the lovely, the innocent, have found a common grave in the depths of the ocean, it is only in the recognition of a Supreme Disposing Power that we can find aught to cheer us in the saddening view which is thus presented of human destiny. Long will extensive portions of our community feel the loss of those to whose wisdom and public spirit they had entrusted interests of high importance. Long will many a heart feel a pang in the memory of the wise and kind physician now no more Long will they who have, in previous afflictions, listened to the consolations of the faithful pastor, think sadly on that spot of the wild ocean, where eloquence and piety found an early grave. And long, when the young and lovely meet, will the bright and innocent smile of youth be saddened at the remembrance of those, as young and as lovely as they, whom none shall behold again till the sea gives up its dead. They are gone! and one to whom many of them were well known may be permitted to testify that a richer harvest of all that was noble and lovely in character has seldom with equal suddeness been gathered into the treasure-house of God. But was not His providence there? Yes; though their prayers seemed to rise in vain, let none believe that the Creator, in that awful hour, beheld not his suffering children. He heard their cries; he witnessed their distress; and though he interrupted not the order of Nature for their rescue, we may yet believe that He was present to sustain the courage and strength of the survivors, and to receive the dying to that mercy which they then with agony invoked. While we take warning to be ready for that hour which may come to us when we think not of it, we commend to the Father of Mercies, in humble trust, the spirits of His children, and in this, and in all His dispensations, we acknowledge and adore the God of Providence.'

The following was the order of services at the Ordination of Mr James Thurston, as pastor of the First Unitarian Church and Society in Windsor, Wednesday, June 27, 1838. Hymn. Introductory Prayer; and selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr Osgood of Nashua. Hymn. Sermon by Rev. Mr Livermore of Keene. Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr Crosby of Charlestown. Hymn. Charge by Rev. Mr Lincoln of Fitchburg. Right Hand of Fellowship Rev. Mr Osgood of Nashua. Address to the Society and Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr Brown of Brattleboro. Anthem. Benediction.

The services were throughout impressive and excellent. We cordially congratulate this Society on this interesting occasion; and hope that the ministry of their esteemed pastor will be long and eminently useful and happy.

The following spark of wit from one of the fervid geniuses that are blazing up beyond the mountains, is so catching, that in spite of us, it will kindle one of our dry columns.

Surely our preachers should have warmth of soul,
And yet we hear of Unitarian coldness—
We have our Green-wood, Furness, Burn-ap, Cole,
And Flint and Sparks once blazed away with boldness,
And now along with names so warm and zealous,
There 's lately come to kindle us, a Bellows.
Western Messenger.

We hope that our western Brother will not allow his ire to be inflamed, or his zeal to be cooled, by the following poor impromptu, written on reading his admirable *jeu d'esprit*, but not worthy to follow in its train.

Our fiery friend, your wits are surely lost.
What! slight our *Liberal coolers!* you astound us!
Our limpid Brooks, deep Wells and constant Frost,
And Dewey influence richly falling round us!
But passing strange—to think that such a blazer
Should try to make us warm without a Brazer!

REV. E. S. GANNETT.

A gentleman in this city, lately received a letter from Dr J. B. Flint, now in London, dated June 4th, which contains the most recent intelligence concerning the health of our absent friend and Brother. By his kindness we have been permitted to make the following extracts, which will be highly gratifying to all our Readers.

London, June 4th, 1838.

My Dear Sir,—Among the agreeable accidents of my sojourn in this mammoth city, was the circumstance of taking lodgings directly opposite those of my old friend and classmate Rev. E. S. Gannett. It was equally accidental also, that I came to know the fact, for one may live twenty years, in a place where the multitude of dwellers are individually so irrespective of each other, without knowing who is his nearest neighbor.

But the alledged garrulity of the sex—God bless their communicative propensities, which are a thousand times tributary to our entertainment or information, where they are once annoying or insignificant—furnished me the gratifying intelligence, of which I was not slow to avail; and, thanking my good landlady for telling me all about a dozen American gentlemen she had entertained, besides the 'Reverend gentlemen over the way, Mr *Gabbette* I believe they call him,' whom she could not furnish with lodgings when he wanted them, I ran across the street and had the most pleasant interview that had happened to me since my departure from good old *Boston*. He appears to have recovered his health, capacity, and spirits entirely, although he says that his endurance of intellectual toil is less than it used to be—the effort of preaching for example, fatigues him more than formerly. Perhaps however, he has become more observant of the admonition which nature offers in the sense of fatigue. The exhaustion was equally great always, but he has habitually disregarded it, rallying by means of an exuberance of animal spirits constitutional with him, and which gave him a fallacious confidence in his ability to sustain, without reasonable relaxation, the toil and toil and professional excitement to which he has devoted himself for years. He has become wiser now, and will notice and heed the calls of his physical constitution, to a violation of whose laws he had well nigh become a lamented victim. I think his friends may congratulate themselves that no irreparable, permanent injury had been inflicted, as was feared when he left home, and that they may hope and expect to enjoy the advantages of his extraordinary talents and virtues for many years to come. The illness of his wife is now detaining him here—she has been very ill. She is now however, as her friends undoubtedly know, recovering.

Mr G. has preached the three last Sabbaths, with great eclat, to audiences of most complimentary character as to numbers, intelligence and rank.

I have been able to attend but once. He never preached better, and therefore, as you know, it was a capital performance. It was altogether superior, in all the attributes of a good sermon, to any thing I have heard from the 'Doctors of the Church,' of whom I have had the best specimens they can furnish. An eminent gentleman was preaching an occasional discourse at Oxford when I was there, which was received with distinguished satisfaction, by the assembled dignitaries, and scholars of the University. Another discourse on a charity occasion, I heard from a choice clergyman at All-Soul's Church; and again, the Rector of the Temple Church, gave what is considered a crack discourse at the commencement of Trinity term. Each and every one of them fell far short, of almost any Unitarian clergyman in Boston, in argument, eloquence, religious sentiment and pertinent application of revealed truth.

The Treasurer of the Mass. Evangelical Missionary Society, acknowledges the receipt of seven dollars from Ladies of the Rev. Mr Frost's Society in Concord, Mass.

Our friend Rev. A. C. Patterson, formerly a Unitarian preacher, having recently changed his sentiments, was admitted to the order of Deacon in the Episcopal Church on Sunday last, and in the afternoon of the same day preached on the Atonement, at Trinity Church in this city. We wish him a happy and useful ministry.

Ellen Clifford; or the Genius of Reform, by the Author of the Palfreys. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. 1838.

This is an interesting little Book, very well written, and inculcating valuable morals.

SCRAPS.

The Statue of Washington by Greenough.—Mr Fennimore Cooper has a letter from Mr Greenough, the sculptor, of a date as late as May 6th, 1838, in which that gentleman, speaking of the statue for the rotunda of the Capitol, says: 'The statue of Washington, after cruel delays, from cholera, quarantines and the state of the roads, is now in full progress. The marble promises well, and we are near the surface. The block weighed 130,000 lbs. when we commenced on it. It is fast losing its chips.' In another part of the same letter, the artist says, 'I have just finished a Venus Victrix, and am now preparing a statue from the Paradise Lost—Abdiel as described at the close of the Fifth Book.'

Among the affecting incidents connected with the loss of the Pulaski, we find it stated by Capt. Brooks, of the schooner Ploughboy, of Boston, that having been driven to the South during a gale, on the 26th of June, he fell in with the wreck, and saw a lady floating in the storm, but was unable to save her owing to the violence of the wind and the roughness of the sea. What must have been the feelings of every humane heart thus to behold a helpless female tossed on the billows of the deep, and hurried to certain death, without the possibility of affording aid?

INTELLIGENCE.

Security of Steamboats.—The act which was passed at the late session of Congress, for the better security of the lives of passengers on board steam vessels, makes it the duty of the owners of such vessels, on or before the first day of October next, to make a new enrolment, and to take out from the Collector or Surveyor of the port, where any such vessel is enrolled, a new license, under such conditions as were already required by law, and as are embraced in this act. After the above date, it will be unlawful to transport either goods, merchandise, or passengers, on board a boat propelled in whole or in part by steam, in any of the bays, rivers, lakes, or other navigable waters of the U. States, without having obtained the license above specified, and complied with the conditions of this act—under penalty of $500 for every violation, for which sums the vessel is made liable, and may be proceeded against summarily by libel, in the District Court.

It is made the duty of the District Judge, in any District in which are ports of entry or delivery, on the application of the master or owner of any steam vessel, to appoint from time to time, one or more persons, not interested in the manufacture of steam engines, boilers, or other machinery of steam vessels, who are skilled and competent to make inspections of such vessels, and of the boilers and machinery employed in the same; whose duty it shall be, after having taken oath for the faithful performance of said duty, to make such inspection, when called upon for the purpose, and to give the owner or master duplicate certificates of the inspection.

The certificate of the person or persons who shall be called on to inspect the hull of any such vessel, must after a thorough examination, state the age of the vessel, the time and place where built, and the length of time she has been running, with the opinion of the examiner whether she is sound, and in all respects sea-worthy, and fit to be used for the transportation of freight or passengers. For this service, the inspectors are to be each allowed and paid, by the master or owner, the sum of five dollars. The person or persons who shall be called on to inspect the boilers and machinery of any steam vessel, under this act, are required, after a thorough examination, to state in their certificate their opinion whether the boilers are sound and fit for use, together with the age of the boilers. Nothing is specially required to be certified of other parts of the machinery. Duplicate certificates are to be given, one of which is to be delivered by the master or owner to the Collector or Surveyor, on the granting or renewal of the license, and the other is to be kept posted up in some conspicuous part of the vessel, for the information of the public. A fee of five dollars to be paid to each of the inspectors.

It is made the duty of the master or owner of every steamboat, to cause an inspection of the vessel to be made once in every twelve months, at least; and of the machinery, once in every six months, and to deliver the certificate of the latter to the Collector or Surveyor, on pain of forfeiting the license, and being subject to the penalties above mentioned. The owners and masters are required to employ a competent number of experienced and skilful engineers, and in case of neglect so to do, will be held responsible for all damages to the property or any passenger on board, which may be occasioned by an explosion of the boiler or derangement of the machinery.

Whenever any steam vessel is stopped, for taking in or discharging passengers or cargo, or for any other purpose, it is required that the safety valve shall be opened for the discharge of steam, so that it may be kept down as near as is practicable, to what it is when the boat is under headway, under penalty of $200 for every offence. Steamboats on the lakes not exceeding 200 tons, are required to have two long boats or yawls, each competent to carry 20 persons at least; and larger vessels, at least three long boats of equal or greater dimensions, under penalty of $300 for every failure.

Steamboats, both on the lakes and on the sea, are required to be provided with a fire engine, with hose and suction hose, capable of being worked on every voyage; also to have iron rods or chains instead of wheel or till ropes, under penalty of $200 for each failure. Boats running between sun set and sun rise are required to have one or more signal lights, under penalty of $200. All penalties may be sued for and recovered in the District or Circuit Courts, in the name of the United States, one half to the use of the informer, or it may be prosecuted for by indictment.

Every Captain, Engineer, Pilot, or other person employed on board such boat, by whose misconduct, negligence or inattention to his duties, the life of any person is destroyed, shall be deemed guilty of manslaughter, and on conviction thereof, before the Circuit Court, shall be sentenced to confinement at hard labor for a period not exceeding ten years. In all suits against proprietors for injuries arising to person or property from the bursting of the boiler, the collapse of the flue, or other injurious escape of steam, the fact of such bursting, collapse, or injurious escape of steam, shall be taken as full prima facie evidence to charge the defendant or those in his employment, with negligence, until he shall show that no negligence has been committed by him or them.

The act appears to be somewhat carelessly framed. It requires certificates to be obtained once in twelve months, expressing the inspectors' opinion of the soundness and seaworthiness of the vessel; but there is no provision requiring an annual license, or requiring the collector to regard the certificate of the inspector, in granting the license. It requires a certificate of the soundness and fitness of the boiler, to be obtained once in six months; but there is no provision for the forfeiture or refusal of a license, in case the certificate is unsatisfactory; though the license is to be forfeited if no certificate is obtained. The certificate of the inspectors' opinion of the soundness and fitness of the boiler, is required to be posted up for public information; but there is no such requisition in relation to that of the soundness and seaworthiness of the vessel. We doubt not, however, that if proper care be taken in the appointment of inspectors, the law will be productive of the most beneficial effects.

Resumption of Specie Payments at Philadelphia—The banks in this city have determined to resume on the 1st of August, notwithstanding all that has appeared to the contrary in the newspapers. This determination has given very general satisfaction to the business portion of the community, who now believe that in a short time business will again resume its wonted activity.

The Governor, as will be seen in a subsequent column, has issued a proclamation calling on the Banks throughout the state, to resume by the 13th of August next, so that had no previous arrangements been entered into for this purpose, they would soon have been compelled to adopt this course.—*Philad. List.*

Fortifications.—The bill of the late session of Congress, making appropriations for fortifications, appropriated $100,000 for Fort Warren, and $50,000 for repairs of Fort Independence, in Boston Harbor, with a proviso that not more than 50 per cent. of the respective amounts shall be drawn from the treasury during the present year, the residue to be expended next year. The whole appropriations embraced in the bill exceed a million of dollars.

Eastern Rail Road.—The Boston Daily Advertiser says,—'It is anticipated that the Eastern Rail Road will be in readiness to receive the cars in the course of three weeks. A considerable part of the rails are already laid, and the whole supply of iron is received. We shall then be able to make the journey to Salem in half an hour. Although the Eastern stage lines have for many years been distinguished for their rapidity and regularity, the journey between Salem and Boston will now be made in less than half the time of the shortest stage passage, and at a considerable reduction of price. We may therefore anticipate a more frequent and intimate intercourse between the residents of the two cities.'

The Prizes, at the Exhibition of the Public Latin School, on Saturday, were awarded as follows:—

For Declamation—The first prize to Octavius B. Frothingham; the second prizes to Edward Rogers and William L. Ropes; the third to Lemuel Hayward and B. C. W. Davenport.

For Literary Performances—For Latin Verses, to Owen G. Peabody; for a Latin Theme, to James C. Merrill, Jr.; for a Latin Translation, to James C. Merrill, Jr.; for English Essays, the first prize to Wallace B. White—the second to James H. Means; for translations from Virgil, the first prize to Henry B. Wheelwright—the second to Charles W. Eustis; for a translation from Ovid, to William L. Ropes; for a translation from Viri Romæ, to Gilman I. Davis.

For Industry and Good Conduct—To Octavius B. Frothingham. Owen G. Peabody, Warren Tilton, William L. Ropes, James C. Merrill, Jr. Edward Capen, Francis A. Lovis, Osborn B. Hall, David Gulliver, William E. Boies, James H. Means, Frederick Hinckley, Henry B. Wheelwright.

The Baltimore Chronicle narrates the following affecting incident connected with the fate of the Pulaski.

'On the day before those on the wreck of the promenade deck were picked up by Capt. Davis, the persons on that wreck, descried at a distance, what they took for a sail. They waited some time in hopes it would near them, but in vain. It seemed to be stationary, and they had no means of propelling their crazy raft towards it. At length, one of them, Mr NOAH SMITH, of Augusta, Ga announced his intention to swim to it for aid. He plunged into the water, and for a while buffeted the waves with a lusty stroke. His wife, one of the tenants of the raft, watched his exertions with an anxious eye and a beating heart. He seemed on the point of succeeding in his gallant but perilous enterprise. All at once, however, his progress appears to be arrested. His efforts grow fainter and fainter. He is evidently struggling to keep himself upon the surface. His strength fails him. He sinks, and the waves hide him from the fond gaze of his distracted wife forever. The object which he took for a sail was Major Heath's raft, and it is supposed that when he came near enough to discover his mistake, his hopes, his spirit and his strength failed together.'

We are gratified to learn that the large bank of fifty millions of dollars, which has long been under advisement among our financial men, has at length assumed a palpable form. Joseph D. Beers, Esq., a gentleman of extensive experience in the business of exchange and banking, has, we are informed, accepted the office of President, and Myndert Van Schaick, Esq. so favorably known as a man of fortune and high character, will officiate as Vice President. The direction comprize a portion of our most able and wealthy citizens, and the first subscription of two millions of dollars is already filled. Extensive arrangements, we are told, are already in progress to secure important advantages to this institution, and every thing betokens the most decided success.

The bank is termed the 'North American Trust and Banking Company,' and books for further subscriptions will be opened as soon as the articles of association are entered according to law.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

License Law in Rhode Island.—We learn from the Providence Journal that at the General Assembly of Rhode Island at their late session passed a law, placing the power of granting licenses in the hands of the freemen of the respective towns.—Twenty-one freeholders are authorised to call a town meeting, and then if a majority of the freemen are opposed to the granting of licenses, and instruct the town council accordingly, no licenses can be granted in that town.

The Charleston Fire—It appears from a detailed official statement published by the Mayor of Charleston, that the total amount of donations made for the relief of the sufferers by the late destructive fire in that city, was $180,506 87. This liberal sum was contributed by the people of the several States, as follows:

By South Carolina	$76,771 66
Georgia	29,830 57
Pennsylvania	27,975 25
New York	14,510 00
Louisiana	8,650 00
Massachusetts	5,977 35
Virginia	4,642 10
Alabama	3,116 65
North Carolina	3,005 00
Maryland	3,362 17
Florida,	1,768 50
New Hampshire	397 62
Connecticut	300 00
District of Columbia	150 00
Rhode Island	50 00
Grand Total	$180,506 87

The Crops.—The Wheat in the upper counties of this state is nearly all cut, and many of the farmers have one to work to get it in. It proves to be of the fine quality, and the yield is quite equal to the highest expectations. We have never seen the shocs stand thicker or the ears heavier.—*Baltimore Chronicle.*

Milk Sickness.—The Governor of Kentucky has offered a premium of $1000 for the discovery of the origin of a disease bearing the above cognomen, in that State, represented to be as malignant as the cholera—having already destroyed hundreds. It has appeared also in Indiana and Ohio.—*Transcript.*

The population of Wisconsin territory was recently ascertained to be as follows: east of the Mississippi river, in 13 counties, 18,149; west of the Mississippi, 16 counties, 22,859. This of course includes the portion of the territory, now called Iowa.

Ill of Man.—Protected by the fishermen, the law of the island inflicts a penalty of £3 on whosoever either wilfully or wantonly, shoots one of the seagull race; and such accordingly is the good understanding between the fishermen and these web-toed creatures, that the latter, here, in the neighborhood of Port Iron, walk about as leisurely and as peaceably as ordinary ducks in a farm yard. The keeeye of the gull when the herrings appear, enables him to discover the twinkle of scales and detect the myriads that swim crowding together beneath the wave; and, collecting in flocks, they hover over the spot, continually marking by their progress in the air the finny phalanx below. This sagacious manœuvre infuses life in the village, and the fishermen receive the signal with joy. Ever on the alert, they throw their nets into the boat, and when they return laden to their homes, the auxiliary gulls receive the reward of their services in the small fry and garbage.

Moral Effects of Marriage.—The statistics of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, are curious in the great inequality, which they exhibit, between the married and unmarried convicts. Of the one hundred and sixty prisoners received the last year, one hundred and ten were unmarried. Six were widowers, and forty four only were married. I have never seen a stronger illustration of the moral influence of marriage. It is too late to eulogize the marriage institution, after the world's experience of its meliorating influence upon the human condition for six thousand years. But we may take the instance as an evidence of its effects, in promoting good habits, morality and virtue among the lower classes of society.

Ordination.—On Sunday morning, at Trinity Church, in this city, the Right Rev. Bishop Griswold, of this Diocese, admitted to the Holy Order of Deacon, Mr Albert C. Patterson, of this city, formerly a Minister of the Unitarian denomination, and Mr Henry Burroughs, Jr. also of this city. Morning Prayer was read and the candidates were presented, by Rev. Mr Watson, of Trinity Church. The Lessons were read by Rev. Edward G. Prescott, formerly of this city, and now of Salem, N. J. Rev. Charles Burroughs, D. D. also formerly of this city, and now of Portsmouth, N. J. preached from Col. i. 7. The Right Rev. Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, formerly of this city, read the Litany and Ante Communion Service, (Mr Burroughs, one of the candidates, reading the Gospel,) and the Holy Communion was administered by the Right Rev. Bishops.—*Advertiser.*

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The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr Motte, Mr Thomas Thompson to Miss Rebecca Vollintine.

On Tuesday morning, by Rev. Mr Bartol, Mr Geo. A. Kendall to Miss Cordelia Richards.

In Salem, Geo. W. Cleveland, Esq. to Miss Harriet Allen.

In Philadelphia, Capt. Obed N. Swift, of New Bedford, to Miss Elizabeth Garwin.

In Nantucket, Charles F. Winslow, M. D. to Miss Lydia, daughter of Daniel Jones, Esq.

In Westfield, Mass. 27th ult. Dr Augustus Fitch, of Columbia, S. C. to Miss Sophia Mather.

At St. John's Church, New York, on Monday last, by Rev. Dr Wainwright, Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, M. D. of this city, to Miss Olivia Yardley, of London.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr John Bumstead, 70; Mr John Gardner, 38.

July 15, Mr Benjamin Goodwin 31.

In Dorchester, July 14, of consumption, Mr Daniel Adams, 55—late of Boston.

In Salem, Miss Jane Bowditch, 68; Miss Anne Patterson, 22.

In Lynn, Mr Peter Hay, aged 39.

In Danvers, Mr Timothy Putnam, 75; and at Ipswich, Mr Wm Ruthford, 77—both soldiers of the revolution.

In Newburyport, Mr Jonathan Beck, 81.

In Duxbury 6th inst. Mr Lloyd G. Sampson, 30.

At Bath, Me. on the 14th inst. Lieut. Thomas M. Hill, of the U. S. Army, and son of Hon. Mark L. Hill.

In Providence, John Noyes Bolles, son of the late Rev. Lucius S. Bolles, of Lynn, Ms. 13 mos.

In Pawtucket, Rev. Ephraim Monroe, 30.

In New Orleans, Mr Elisha Crocker, formerly of Boston, 29.

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POETRY.

THE DYING HEBREW.

A Hebrew knelt at the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold;
The hair on his brow was silver white,
And his blood was thin and old.
He lifted his eye to his latest sun,
For he felt that his pilgrimage was done!
And as he saw God's shadow there,"
His spirit poured itself in prayer!

'I come unto Death's second birth
Beneath a stranger air;
A pilgrim on the chill cold earth,
As all my fathers were;
And *men* have stamped me with a curse—
I feel it is not *thine*.
Thy mercy, like yon sun, was made
On me as all to shine;—
And therefore dare I lift mine eye
Through that to Thee before I die!
In this great temple built by Thee,
Whose altars are divine!
Beneath yon lamp, that carelessly
Lights up thine own true shrine,
Take this, my latest sacrifice!
Look down, and make this sod
Holy as that, where long ago
The Hebrew met his God.
I have not caused the widow's tears,
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye;
I have not stained the virgin's years,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry.
The songs of Zion in mine ear
Have ever been most sweet,
And always when I felt Thee near,
'My shoes were off my feet.'
I have known thee in the whirlwind,
I have known thee on the hill;
I have known thee in the voice of birds,
And the music of the rill;
I dream't thee in the shadow,
I saw thee in the light,
I heard thee in the thunder peal,
And worshipped in the night.
All beauty, while it spoke of thee,
Still made my heart rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself,
To hear thy 'still small voice.'
I have not felt myself a thing,
Far from thy presence driven;
By flaming sword, or waving wing,
Shut out from Thee and Heaven!
Must I the whirlwind reap, because
My father sowed the storm?
Or shrink, because another sinned,
Beneath my red right arm?
Oh much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown,
I will not take my curse from man,
I turn to thee alone!
Oh, bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal;
And what is evil—oh, forgive!
And what is broken—heal.
And cleanse my spirit from above,
In the deep Jordan of thy love!
I know not if the Christian's heaven
Shall be the same as mine;
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to *thine*.
I weary on a far dim strand,
Whose mansions are the tombs,
And long to find the 'father land,'
Where there are many homes;
Oh, grant of all yon starry throng,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May worship from afar!
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet,
In choral praise and prayer,
Shall Zion's harp, of old so sweet,
Alone be wanting there?
Yet place me in the lowest seat,
Though I, as now, be there
The Christian's jest, the Christian's scorn.
Still *let me see* and hear,
From some bright mansion in the sky,
Thy loved ones and their melody!'

The sun goes down with sudden gleam,
And beautiful as a lovely dream,
And silently as air,
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,
With long and raven hair,
Glides in as guardian spirits glide,
And lo! is standing by his side,
As if her sudden presence there
Were sent in answer to his prayer.
Oh! say they not that angels tread
Around the good man's dying bed?
His child! his sweet and sinless child!
And as he gazed on her,
He knew his *God* was reconciled,
And this the messenger!
As sure as God had hung on high
His promise-bow before his eye,
Earth's purest hopes, that o'er him flung
To point his heavenward faith,
And life's most holy feelings strung,
To sing him unto death.
And on his daughter's stainless breast
The dying Hebrew sunk to rest!

* Plato calls Truth the body of God, and Light his shadow.

From the Knickerbocker for May.

THE STARS.

The stars are angel's eyes,
Bright beaming from above;
Upon the good and wise
They smile with looks of love;
And kindly seem to say
'Come, kindred spirits, come!
Offspring like us of day,
Come to our heavenly home!'

Go out when, thick and clear,
They're shining down at night,
And read that written sphere,
So eloquent with light;
And if thy soul be free
From sin's polluting stain,
They'll so discourse to thee,
Thou'lt often come again.

But if thy secret heart,
With signs of conscience riven,
Advises thee thou art
Traitor to truth and heaven,
With calm yet stern rebuke,
They'll tell thee of thy sin,
And bid thee turn and look
On the dark scroll within!

The idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands,
The want of occupation is not rest;
A mind unoccupied is a mind distressed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Louisville City Gazette.]

OAKLAND RACES.

Mr Editor:—Now that the Oakland races are are over, I wish, with your permission, to offer some remarks upon them which have suggested themselves to my mind. They may not be in accordance with your own views, or those of many of our citizens, yet I should like to have them considered before they are rejected. Without intending any disrespect to those gentlemen who have lent their aid and countenance to this exhibition, it is my deliberate conviction that it is a great injury to our city to have races re-established at Oakland. These are among my reasons.

1. Races bring to Louisville innumerable thieves and villains. I suppose more robberies and other crimes have been committed during the past fortnight in our city, than in six months previously. In the small circle of my own acquaintances, three houses have been entered and robbed within a week by plausible, gentlemanly looking villains. Others I have heard of. The watchmen tell me that the streets swarm with them. If they would only confine their attention to those who patronize and encourage races, I should hope that it might be a lesson to such. But they are quite indiscriminate in their visits. It is well known that the ruffians and reprobates are in the habit of following the races from New Orleans to Long Island. No doubt Louisville contributes her proportion to their support. Not long since in a New Orleans paper, after a long list of house breakings, thefts, swindlings, and murders, the Editor remarked that these were owing to the races, which were just closing.

Thinks I 'a great advantage will our Oakland track be to Louisville, if these are the kind of fish it brings to us.'

2. The races bring to Louisville gamblers to prey upon our young men. Gamblers seem somehow to be the necessary accompaniments of a race course. More than an hundred were probably last week in our city who gain their support by this elegant profession. They did not probably come here to prey one upon another. No—our young men are the game these blood suckers seek. Young men, many of them without parents near to advise them, some the only stay of widowed mothers, the pride of many a circle of affectionate hearts—these are to be ruined that the gambler may sport his diamond breast pin and fine clothes. Say not, they ought to protect themselves. Youth is ardent, inexperienced, easily led away by its own generous and noble impulses. It ought to be protected by the wiser and older portion of the community. Throw not temptations in its way, you who are a father, or beware lest you who are preparing them for your own child.

3. Races increase the amount of crime. If villains are brought together, it is natural that villany will be committed. Robbery, murder, outrage on property and person, drunkenness, blasphemy, and licentiousness of all kinds are notoriously abundant at such places. A black man was killed last week at the race track. The last race before this, a white man was killed. Such events are common and expected.

4. Races encourage an open defiance of the laws of the land. By the laws of this state it is a penitentiary offence to keep a gambling house or table, or to play games for money at them. Yet, under the authority of the best men in our city, a large building is erected and let to gamblers, and filled with Faro tables, Roulette tables, Rouge et Noir, &c. To what purpose do we pass laws, and our juries find indictments and our prosecuting officers make speeches, if they are to be thus openly defied by the gentry of the land? Are our laws only cob-webs to catch small flies and let large ones escape? What is it but wholesale hypocrisy, to take the credit of being a most moral community by the purity of our statute-books, when our practice is the exact reverse? Expunge your laws, or make your practices conform to them. You are teaching the community to despise that which ought to be ever sacred to their minds—the name of Law.

If these evils do attend races, (and few would deny it,) how are they defended. It is said that they bring money to the city, that they improve the breed of horses, that vicious men will be vicious whether there are races or not, that races cannot be put down if we would, that the people must have amusements. Let us consider briefly these excuses.

1. *They bring money to the city.* Yes, and so it would bring money to the city were we to erect splendid gin palaces, gambling houses or brothels, and sell licenses to those who should keep them. The slave trade brought money to Old England and New England, and was defended on that ground. Who defends it now? Piracy brought money to the West Indies, and piracy was also defended by those who thought money the pearl of all price. But should we sell our peace, our virtue, the tranquillity of our city, the morals of our children, for money? The argument is too flimsy to bear looking at.

2. *Races*, it is said, *improve the breed of horses.* And what if they did, if they degrade the breed men. But I doubt the truth of this position. Some startling and stubborn facts are on the other side. I never heard of races in Arabia, yet the best horses and best blood in the world are there. The great racing stock of England and America came from the blood of the Godolphin Arabian. There are no races in New England, yet the New England horses are worth in this country from fifty to a hundred per cent. more than southern horses. The horses for the plough, dray, saddle, stage, coach or gig, in New England would bring under the hammer far higher prices in racing sections of the country than their own horses. Racing only improves the breed of race horses. I was told in Virginia by the stage drivers that their best horses were brought from Vermont and New-Hampshire. The Green mountain horses are the best in the country for symmetry, strength, fleetness, and endurance. Yet there is no racing in New England. Racing then is surely not *essential* to make good horses.

3. It is said that *wickedness will break out in some other way if there are no races.* But because there will be always wickedness, shall we increase it and encourage it? And to bring villains together, and to bring their victims to them, and produce all the temptations and excitements to sin, it appears to me is likely to increase it. On this principle what vice would ever be reformed, what effort ever made to improve the world?

4. *Racing cannot be put down.* This is a mistake. Here, at least, it is struggling to sustain itself. It appeals to a philanthropic community to encourage it. It is a suppliant to the fair sex for their support. It begs for newspaper puffs and paragraphs. It appoints committees to invite ladies to smile upon its patriotic efforts. For several years, with a few exceptions, there has been but little interest felt in races here. The community are evidently indifferent to the amusement. I understand that with all the efforts lately made, those interested in its success were disappointed. No such crowds attended as they had hoped for. A little influence now, exerted one way or the other, may decide whether we shall have races here or not. I ask those who have influence to consider well how they exert it. I ask fathers and mothers to consider what they are doing in upholding what is an evident source of sin and evil. I ask wives to consider whether they will lead their husbands, as it were, to the gaming table. There is retribution even in this world for those who encourage evil.

5. *The people must have amusement.* But are there no innocent amusements? Better have no amusements than what are connected with such evils as I have enumerated. But I object to such amusements as racing, that they *prevent* better amusements. They destroy the taste for purer, calmer, *home* pleasures. Domestic felicity flees before them. He who has tasted the cup of their strong excitements, cannot enjoy the prattle of his child, nor the smiles of his wife, the walk at sunset, the social circle, the book, the garden, music, painting, poetry.—These stimulants stupify the nerves and destroy their sensibility for the purer pleasures.

Mr Editor, I may be mistaken in what I have written; if so, I should like to be corrected. At least the subject may be discussed; and if races can be defended, let them be so. By inserting this communication, therefore, you will show your usual independence, and also oblige

A FELLOW CITIZEN.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—You will confer a favor on an advocate of strict frugality and honest industry by inserting in your paper the following dialogue in regard to paper money. It may well apply to many individuals at the present period of *hard times and no business.*

SCARCITY OF MONEY.

One cause of the many complaints on this subject may be found out, perhaps by perusing the following anecdote.

Before banks were known in New England, or ere paper money was in vogue, there was in Connecticut, a cry of hard times; no money to be got; let's petition the governor and legislature to make paper money. One of the greatest advocates of this scheme, called on the governor, when the following dialogue ensued.

Governor. Well, friend, what is your business with me?

Jonathan. Why, may it please your *honor's excellency*, the times are hard, and money scarce, and some on us talk of petitioning to have paper money made, so that every body may have enough of it.

Gov. But, friend, there is considerable money int he province now,—gold, silver, copper,—which you know is of more solid value, than any paper whatever. Among others, I have a small sum on hand, and if you are in want, and have any thing valuable to sell, I will be a purchaser at a fair price, and relieve you from your embarrassment.

Jon. O dear, your honor. I've nothing to sell, and scarce any thing *to keep.*

Gov. Well, you look strong and healthy, and I presume are willing to work for a living. I will give you employment and pay you in solid coin.

Jon. I work sometimes, but I really can't say that I *like it.*

Gov. Very well. Then supposing Government should make ever so much money, and you have neither property, nor labor to give in exchange for it, you would have no way of procuring it, but by borrowing or stealing.

Jon. By jingo, Mr Governor, now I come to think on't, you're above *half* right.

THE CONVENT AT CHARLESTOWN

Judge Fox, in his charge to the Grand Jury of Montgomery County, Pa, an extract from which is published in the U. S. Gazette, said,

'In Boston a school house was burned by the mob because it was a Roman Catholic institution, and they feared the advancement of Popery.'

This story was invented for the purpose of throwing discredit on Protestantism, and especially on all efforts to check 'the advancement of Popery.' Wherever it is believed, people will think that the spirit which 'fears the advancement of Popery' is a very bad spirit; as it acts itself out in exciting mobs and burning school houses. They will very naturally suspect, too, that the Roman Catholics have the best of the argument, or their opponents would not resort to such modes of opposing them. And who will doubt that the story is perfectly correct, when it is told by a Judge on the bench, in his charge to the Grand Jury, published by request of the Jury, and copied, without contradiction or questioning, into newspapers of various kinds, some of which are leading religious papers? Such being the tendency of this statement, we think it our duty to say, it is not true, and to state the facts as they have been proved in a court of justice, for the most part by the testimony of the Superior of the Convent, the Nuns, and the Roman Catholic Bishop Fenwick. They relate to the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Mount Benedict, which was not situated 'in Boston,' but several miles from that city, on the opposite side of a navigable river, in Charlestown. The history will show that it was destroyed, not 'because it was a Roman Catholic Institution, and they feared the advancement of Popery,' but for very different reasons.

Some time in July, 1834, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, known in the Convent as 'sister St. John,' left the Convent, alone, and without the knowledge of the Superior, and repaired to the house of the parents of one of her former pupils, in Cambridge, where she requssted protection, and declared that she would never return to the Convent. At the trial of Buzzell, indicted for burning the Convent, the Superior testified that Miss Harrison was at this time insane, in consequence of excessive labor in teaching music. The friends with whom she took refuge, did not think her insane. While at Cambridge, she was repeatedly visited by the Superior and by Bishop Fenwick, who urged her to return. At their last visit, she was promised that if she would return to the Convent and remain for a certain specified time, (either two or three weeks,) and should then desire to leave, she should be regularly dismissed and safely restored to her friends. She consented, but on leaving her friends in Cambridge, expressed her want of confidence in those promises, and her fears that she should never be permitted to leave the Convent. She told her friends that if permitted, she should certainly return to them at the time agreed upon, and charged them, in case of her failure, to go to the Convent and inquire for her, and if not permitted to see her, to search for her, and not to abandon the search without finding her. This they promised to do. That this conversation took place, we believe has never been denied. The counsel for the defence, at Buzzell's trial, offered evidence to prove it; but the Attorney General objected against its production, as it had nothing to do with the question whether Buzzell was one of the rioters, and the Court, very properly, sustained the objection.

At the appointed time,—the end of three weeks, if we recollect aright,—Miss Harrison did not return to Cambridge, as she had promised; and her friends, as she had charged them and they had promised, went to Mount Benedict and inquired for her. They were told that she was well, but did not wish to see them. According to their promise, they insisted upon seeing her; but they were refused. This, if we recollect aright, took place more than once. The matter was noised abroad, and the multitude became excited, some believing that Miss Harrison was dead, and others, that she was suffering involuntary confinement. The Select Men, the highest municipal officers of the town, visited the convent, and insisted on the production of Miss Harrison, as a means of quieting the popular mind. They were driven away, with insult and defiance. One of them, (Mr Runey) was told by the Superior, that if any injury should happen to the Convent, 'the Right Reverend Bishop's influence over 10,000 brave Irishmen might render his (Runey's) property insecure.' Such at least was her language, as repeated by herself, under oath, at Buzzell's trial. According to Mr Runey's statement, it was still more violent and indecorous.

Meanwhile, a paragraph appeared in the Boston Evening Transcript, stating the principal facts concerning the elopement and return of Miss Harrison, and the unsuccessful attempts of her friends to obtain an interview with her, or indeed any satisfactory evidence that she was still yet alive. The next day, the Transcript stated, on the authority of Bishop Fenwick, that the story was incorrect, and that the Bishop would publish an explanation of the matter on a certain day. That day arrived, and the Transcript contained, instead of the promised explanation, another note authorized by the Bishop, stating that he had concluded to give no explanation, but that several Protestant gentlemen were preparing one, which they would publish when completed. That night, the mob assembled, broke into the Convent, carefully removed all its inmates, and set fire to the building.

During the afternoon of the day last mentioned, the Superior became alarmed, and the Select Men were permitted to see Miss Harrison; but this was not made public until the next day, when the Convent was in ruins.—*N. Y. Obs.*

[From the National Ægis.]

COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Joseph B. Felt.

[*Continued.*]

PANTALOONS.

These appeared in Europe before the settlement of our country. They are mentioned by 'Nature's sweetest fancy's child;—'

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side.'

As serving for small clothes and stockings, all in one piece, they were not abundant among our colonists for a considerable period Their place was sometimes supplied by overalls, which by an order of Congress in 1776, were provided for our troops. Fifty-five years past, they were so enlarged as to be called trowsers, which were principally used by sailors, and others whose occupation was toilsome. We remember, that a fourth of a century past, their dimensions began to be equally increased for males of all employments. Five years since, their plethory commenced a reduction. At present they are none too large.

COATS.

The straight coat, formed something like a frock, is said to have been invented by Charles VII of France, who died 1547, to hide the deformity of his lower limbs. It was fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth; but before her decease, it went down, and was succeeded by the waistcoat with sleeves. It appears to have revived some by the time that our colonies were settled. As known to our ancestors, it came down directly in front, reaching below the knee, and fitted to be fastened with clasps or buttons to the very bottom. It had a plentiful fullness at the skirts, which were made to hang off by means of stiffening. Not far from 1706, a lady, in the Spectator, is represented as saying to the other sex; 'The skirts of your fashionable coats forms as large a circumference as ours; as these are set out with whalebone, so are those with wire, to increase and sustain the bunch of fold that hangs down on each side.' This raillery was then fully and deservedly to the point. Even down to 1750, a coat of the ton had three or four large plaits in the skirts, with much wadding to keep them from wrinkles Its sleeves covered generally, half the arm, and sometimes were seen longer. They were very full and had wide cuffs, which ascended above the elbow, where was a circle of large buttons, and below these cuffs was the white wristband with a ruffle, set off by gold, silver, or other buttons. They were open at the cuffs, the upper parts of which were liberally dilated and frequently had lead put into them so that they might, when the arm was raised, be kept off considerably from the sleeves.* Up to 1702, the coat had no pockets opening outside; but by 1715, it appeared with them, having large flaps, under which were seen a row of great buttons These were also arranged in front of the coat so that it might be fastened. Among the noted and wealthy, there was no lack of gold lace as an ornament to this article of dress. It showed no collar like that of our day. It had a thin narrow hem, so as to expose the close plaited stock of fine linen cambric and a large silver stock buckle on the back of the neck. Specimens of such a garment are seen on the portraits of Governor Burnet, whose demise was 1759; of the founder of Faneuil Hall, in Boston, who deceased 1743; of Benjamin Lynde, Chief Justice in Massachusetts, who died 1745; and of Sir William Pepperel, as represented at the capture of Louisbourg, in the same year as the last mentioned. It continued in vogue till half a century since. The first appearance of a coat like this upon gentlemen would now seem exceedingly outre, or much distorted in its proportions. But custom has a power to gain our liking to almost any Protean form it may assume. The collar of such a garment began to be turned over about 1765, as seen on a drawing of Governor Hancock, previously mentioned. But then it had nothing near the appearance of height, nor feeling of stiffness, which it has had since the introduction of the close bodied coat. Forty years ago, when French gentlemen walked our streets with attire of this description, they drew not a few eyes after them, as singularly habited beings. Such a sight, by familiarity with it, has lost, on ourselves and others, its power to excite our surprise, and passes with us as a matter of course. It is now occasionally worn by the latter in our principal towns and cities.

* Col. Dudley Bradstreet's son was charged in 1694, for the making of a coat and jacket, £1 3s. Then, broadcloth was from 21 to 36s the yard.

SPENCER.

This is not much unlike a short jacket. Its origin is stated to have been as follows:—An English gentleman by the name of Spencer was on a hunting party: while leaping in pursuit of game, the skirts of his coat were rent off, and nothing but the waist was left. The remnant he continued to wear and thus set a new mode. This article of dress does not appear to have been of a longer standing than a half century. As formed of various materials, it was much worn in our country, by both sexes in 1805, and several years afterwards. On the females it served for a shawl, and on the males for a surtout.

DON'T KILL YOUR BEES.

The bee and the silkworm are almost the only insects permanently useful to man, and it has always been a source of regret that the rich stores of the first could not in ordinary cases be obtained without the destruction of the owner. This difficulty can now be obviated in an easy manner.

Mr Cotton lately read before the Ashmolean Society, at Oxford, some notices on bees, and his first position was—'never kill a bee.' The bee owner has in the *fungus maximus*, or common puff ball, a powerful instrument ready to his hands, by which he is able to adopt a more humane and profitable mode of treatment. The smoke of this fungus, when dried so as to hold fire, has a stupefying effect on the bees, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does, without any of its deadly effects. By means of this, weak swarms, which would not live through the winter, may be united to strong stocks. Mr Cotton stated it as a fact, borne out by experiment, that a hive thus doubled will not consume more honey in the winter than a stock in its natural state. This was discovered by a Swiss pastor, De Gelior. The additional heat seems to serve instead of additional food, to keep up the vitality of the half torpid bees. He recommends a cold, dry, dark room, the colder the better, as the best winter quarters for bees. They will consume less honey than if left on their summer stands, and will not be weakened by the loss of thousands, which tempted out by the premature warmth of some early spring day, are caught by the cold winds, fall to the ground, and never rise again. *Dryness*, however, is essential; and he described the principle of ventilation, or proper airing of the hives in summer, as the most valuable improvement in bee keeping.

Every farmer should keep bees; a few swarms to furnish honey for his own use if no more. They cost little forage, wherever the wild flowers grow, have no ideas of distinction in landed property, and furnish the individual who has a taste for studying the habits of insects, or observing the wonders of that power we call instinct, an ample field of surprise and gratification.—*Genesee Farmer.*

ON NATIONAL CONTROVERSIES.

We have just had the pleasure of perusing a report of the Committee of Foreign Relations (of the House of Representatives) on the interesting and important question of the expediency and practicability of adjusting disputes between nations without appealing to what has heretofore been considered the *ultima ratio regum*—the last resort of nations—in all such cases. The report is characterized by great ability and research, and, what is, in our opinion, yet more to be admired in it, by humanity and true philosophy. The report was presented to the House by Mr Legare, and may therefore be presumed to be from his pen.

The subject of the report was the memorial of the New York Peace Society and other individuals friendly to the peace cause, desiring, in the first place, that our difference with Mexico should be referred to the arbitration of a third Power, and, next, recommending to Congress that it 'adopt the principle of reference to a third Power of such international disputes as cannot be amicably adjusted by the parties themselves, as an invariable rule of action, instead of an occasional one.' They further pray that, 'in pursuance of this principle, a proposal be sent forth by this Government to those of other nations, that they would unite with it in the establishment of a great international board of arbitration, or a congress of nations, to which to refer international disputes; and also for the purpose of digesting and preparing a regular code of international law, obligatory on such nations as may afterwards adopt it.' They think that this board of arbitrators should be composed of delegates from various nations, and that to this board should be confided the forming of a code of international law, &c.

The first prayer of the memorialists having been anticipated by the action of the Executive, the argument of the report is confined to the other questions presented by the memorial. The report *concludes* as follows:

'Your committee, therefore, do not think the establishment of a permanent international tribunal, under the present circumstances of the world, at all desirable; but they heartily concur with the memorialists in recommending a reference to a third Power of all such controversies as can safely be confided to any tribunal unknown to the Constitution of our own country. Such a practice will be followed by other Powers, already inclined, as we have seen, to avoid war, and will soon grow up into the customary law of civilized nations. They conclude, therefore, by recommending to the memorialists to persevere in exerting whatever influence they may possess over public opinion, to dispose it habitually to the accommodation of national differences without bloodshed; and to the House the adoption of the following resolution:

'*Resolved*, That the committee be discharged from the further consideration of the subject referred to them.'

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